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HALF-WAY.

Three days he sailed to the Northward,
Young Harold, the Norseland king,
Then loosed a keen-eyed raven
And following it on the wing.

"Behold!" he cried to the sailors,
"Not yet half-way are we,
For you see the keen-eyed raven
Tracks backward over the sea."

And so to the Northward farther
He pierced the fitful mist;
Then parched once more a raven,
Unhooded, on his wrist.

And the wildered bird went soaring
Where the sight could scarce discern;
Then, poised on its wing a moment,
It flew out of sight astern.

Then cried he aloud to the sailors,
"Not yet half-way are we,
For the keen-eyed raven seeth
What the nearest land may be."

Still to the North! and darker
A cloud grew up before,
When he loosed another raven,
And watched it sweep and soar.

All eyes were strained to the utmost,
And when, but the merest spec,
They saw it start for the northward,
Each knee was bent to the deck.

"To the northward," cried young Harold,
"To the northward go we then,
For the land we seek is the nearest
In the raven's sharper ken!"

Half-way to the restful Haven!
Ah! what can token it all?
What hour is the sign for mortal
To part that shadowy pall?

And have we a keen-eyed birdling
In the little wee thing we love,
To trust to the sky of angels
That beckon it oft above?

And anon it seems like departing,
When we lose it through our tears,
But again it stoops o'er our pathway,
And we live with it back our years.

But the day we have half-way journeyed
May come with its wail of woe,
When this blithe, little, fluttering spirit
Describes the way it would go.

So it leaves us, winging to Heaven!
Alas! can we see it no more?
But doth not the track it has shown us
Lead straight to that holy shore?

THE WHITE SQUAW. A Tale of Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.
AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STRAYED CANOE.

That night Nelatu left the Indian camp. Wacora had given him a few hints by which he thought his search for Crookleg might be facilitated.

He had suggested that the negro lay hid within the neighboring swamp.

This wilderness, difficult to traverse, was of great extent. It was only by a knowledge of its intricate paths that it could be successfully explored.

Nelatu, fully appreciating the difficulty of his undertaking, was more than usually depressed.

This journey through the track of dry timber was easy enough.

On emerging from it he found himself on a broad savanna.

On the other side of which lay the swamp to which Wacora had directed him.

Its gloomy appearance struck a chill to the young chief's heart.

Could it by any possibility be the place selected by Warren for Sansuta's concealment?

He almost hoped his search for her in its sombre fastnesses might prove futile.

Its aspect was especially forbidding at the time Nelatu reached it, which was in the early morning.

A heavy fog rose from its dark waters, clinging around the rank vegetation, and veiling the mosses and spectral limbs of the decayed trees.

A foild breath exhaled from the thick undergrowth, and the air seemed charged with poison.

No note of bird was heard; no bloom of flower seen. Death in life was everywhere apparent!

Carefully, and with the quick natural instinct of his race, Sansuta's brother struck upon a well-defined trail leading inwardly from the borders of the morass.

Following this with care, he had soon made considerable progress.

The sun rising higher as he advanced, only revealed more clearly the gloomy character of the scene.

The thick mist became dispelled; the verdure, dark but rich, glistened with drops of moisture, and the ghostly moss waved to and fro.



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and fro, stirred by a gentle breeze that had helped to dissipate the fog.

With the bright sky, however, there came a corresponding lightness over the young man's spirit, and a doubt arose in his mind as to the guilt of his former friend.

"I cannot believe all that he has been accused of. Perhaps he is not guilty of carrying off Sansuta. I always trusted him. Why should he be so evil without a suspicion having crossed my mind that he was so?"

He has not been seen since she disappeared; but yet Crookleg may be the guilty one. If all I have been told be true, and Warren be the man, he shall bitterly pay for his crime. But I will not believe it until I am convinced 'tis so."

It will be seen that Nelatu was still a firm friend, ready to doubt even villainy.

Suddenly the trail he was following came to an end.

A deep black lagoon was before his feet.

How to cross it? That was the question.

Stooping, he scanned the shore, but failed to trace any further evidence of the foot-steps of man.

He was on the point of retracing his path in order to look for a trail, when he was arrested by a faint sound, as from a movement in the water.

It proved to be at a greater distance than he thought, and the sun had well sunk in the western sky before he arrived at it.

Once there he came to a stop. Those he sought had evidently gone further out into the open water of the lagoon or had made for one or other of the numerous narrow canals which debouched into it.

Selecting that which appeared of the greatest width, he piled his oar and advanced towards it.

Scrambling into it, he seized an oar found lying in its bottom, and paddled back to the place whence he had started. Placing his gun ready beside him, he again paddled off, and rowed into the centre of the lake, steering his course, as nearly as he could remember, in the direction which, in the morning, he had observed the canoe to take.

The broken manilla rope, dragging at the stern, told him why it was adrift.

Without hesitation he plunged into the water, and in a few strokes reached the straying craft.

Scrambling into it, he seized an oar found lying in its bottom, and paddled back to the place whence he had started. Placing his gun ready beside him, he again paddled off, and rowed into the centre of the lake, steering his course, as nearly as he could remember, in the direction which, in the morning, he had observed the canoe to take.

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Selecting that which appeared of the greatest width, he piled his oar and advanced towards it.

He was on the point of retracing his path in order to look for a trail, when he was arrested by a faint sound, as from a movement in the water.

It was very faint, but unmistakable in its character.

It was the stroke of an oar!

He strained his eyes to catch a view of the boat which he felt sure was traversing the lake.

After some time spent in the endeavor, his scrutiny was rewarded.

A strange tableau was revealed to him.

At a distance appeared the shadowy form of a canoe, in which two figures were seated.

The backwoodsman's foresight had not deceived him.

The whites, by which he meant Elias and his followers, had not heeded his advice, and worse had come of it.

The hunter was nothing, if not oracular.

"Wal," said he, "Governor Rody thought himself smart when he set to work buildin' that frame-house of his'n on the red-man's ground, but I reckon he'll pay for it yet in bloody scalps and broken bones. Confound the old cormorant; his house will cause all them poor white settlers no end of trouble. It don't bear thinkin' on, that it don't. As for his black-hearted whelp of a son, darn me if I wouldn't like to put an ounce o' lead into his carcass, if it war only to larn him some human feelin'."

As he gazed the canoe glided silently out of sight.

Muttering an angry adjuration at the ghostly oarsmen, he threw himself upon the ground.

Overcome with the fatiguing journey, and dispirited by his fruitless search, he soon fell into a deep slumber.

The last film of the fog was now dispelled by the powerful rays of the sun.

Birds sang in the trees above him, and from the black waters of the lagoon a huge caiman crawled up the banks to bask in the noon-tide glare.

Still Nelatu slumbered.

He slept until the meridian heat had passed, and the evening approached, seeming to lull all nature into silence.

The young man's sleep was placid. With

fullest gal that this coon ever sat eyes on. Bless her, I hope no hurt won't come to her, and there shan't either, if Cris Carroll can prevent it."

In this manner did the honest hunter comment on the alarming news brought by the fugitives from Tampa Bay.

Not that he approached the spot too closely. No; he had formed an idea of the manner in which he might be most useful; and, to do so, he must carefully avoid any appearance of interference between the contending parties.

He, therefore, pursued his occupation of hunting; but contrived materially to narrow the circle of his excursions.

Often as the image of Alice Rody presented itself to his mind, he suffered a painful sigh.

"How such a gal came to be a child of that old trait'rous heathen is more nor I can reckon up. It's one of them that things as philosophers call startlers!"

In one of these moralizing, wandering moods the old hunter was seated on a tree stump on the afternoon of a day that had been more than usually fatiguing to him.

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, took a plug of tobacco from his pouch, and began to cut up a supply for another smoke.

"Ah!" muttered he, shaking his head,

"I remember the time when there was happiness in the savannas, and when them redskins were ready to help the white man rather than fight agin them. Them times is gone from hyar for ever!"

He struck a light with his flint, and applied it to his pipe.

Just as he had puffed two or three small clouds of smoke, and was preparing to enjoy himself to the fullest extent, a flash suddenly appeared; the pipe was knocked from his mouth, and the whizz of a bullet sounded in his ears!

To grasp his rifle and shelter himself behind a tree, on the side opposite to that from which the shot proceeded, was but the work of an instant.

"Redskins, by the eternal! I know it by the twang of that rough east bullet."

Whether red-skins or white men he did not find it easy to be certain, although he was up to every move in such an emergency.

He knew that to look in the direction of the shot was to expose himself to almost certain death.

He listened with breathless anxiety for the slightest sound, which might give evidence of the movements of the enemy.

All remained perfectly still.

Adopting a very old *ruse*, he stuck his skin-cap upon the barrel of his rifle, and held it out a few inches beyond the trunk of the tree, by the side of which he had encamped himself.

A flash, a report, and it was pierced by a bullet!

He was now fully satisfied that there was but one enemy with whom he had to cope.

Had there been more, the first bullet, which struck the pipe from his mouth, would have been followed by another as quickly, but perhaps more surely aimed.

With a rapid glance he surveyed the ground behind him.

It was covered with undergrowth and fallen timber.

His resolution was at once taken.

He fell flat upon the earth, and noiselessly gliding away reached a tree, distant some paces, and in an oblique direction from the one he had left.

"And who may that be?"

"Who but his master. The most beauti-

other, at a greater angle, and about equally distant from the second.

The movements were affected with such agility and stealthiness, as to be entirely unperceived by his still unseen enemy.

By the change of position he now commanded a side view of his unknown antagonist, who, unsuspecting of it, was keeping a close watch upon Carroll's supposed shelter.

To raise his rifle to his shoulder was a natural action of the old hunter.

Instead of pulling the trigger, however, some idea seemed to cross his mind, and pausing, he scanned his adversary.

He saw it was Maracota who had fired at him!

Carroll knew Maracota as a faithful and devoted follower of the late chief, and he felt loth to take his life, although he might easily have done so.

The better thought prevailed.

He felt convinced that the bullet fired by the Indian had been aimed in reality at one for whom Maracota had mistaken him.

Advancing cautiously towards the unconscious warrior, the old backwoodsman crept from tree to tree until he was close upon him.

Not anticipating an attack from the rear, and still fancying he commanded the hiding-place of the white man, Maracota, in spite of his Indian cunning, was completely in the white man's power.

A loud shout, a quick bound, and Carroll had him in his grasp.

With one hand upon his throat, the hunter had pinned him to the earth.

"Not a word, you damed catamount, or I'll run my knife into your ribs! So you thought to circumvent me, did yer, with your Injin treachery? What would you say now if I war to raise your hair, 'stead of lettin' you take mine!"

Maracota could make no reply to the question, as the pressure on his throat stopped his breath as well as speech.

The backwoodsman saw by the expression upon the Indian's face, that his own surmise had been correct.

He was not the victim Maracota would have doomed to death.

It was a mistake, but rather a serious one. Loosening his hold, he suffered the astonished Maracota to rise to his feet.

"Yes; I can tell you've made a random shot at me. Next time, try and see a man's face 'fore you pulls trigger on him, or it might be awkward. There's no harm done, only a worse shot nor yours I never saw. I'd eat my rifle, stock, lock, and barrel, afore I'd own to such shooting. Who war it ye war arter?"

Having at length recovered breath, the Indian was able to answer.

"I took you for Warren Rody."

"Much obliged for the compliment. Do I look such a skunk as that fellow? If I do, put a brace of bullets into me, and we won't quarrel."

The warrior grimly smiled.

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either or both on 'em; and that he may meet 'em he has Cris Carro's best prayers and wishes."

With this homely but sincere expression of his desires, the backwoodsman ceased to think of the deadly danger lately threatening himself.

CHAPTER XXV.

PREPARING FOR THE ATTACK.

The Indians had, at length, determined upon making an attack upon Elias Rody's stronghold.

The governor had got wind of their intention through a spy, a slave belonging to the tribe, who had turned informer through his seductive offers.

A meeting of the settlers within the stockade was at once called.

"Follow citizens," said Rody, addressing them, "I have received some information that our enemies have resolved upon attacking us. It is my duty to tell you this in order that every man may be prepared to defend himself and his family. One thing I would have you remember; this war will be one of extermination; therefore, be careful not to waste a bullet. Let every gun upon your trigger send an Indian to the long account. Let the cry be 'no quarter!'"

"Perhaps that'll be their motto too," remarked a voice in the crowd.

"I perceive, sir," replied Rody, a little nettled at the running commentary on his speech, "I perceive that there are still one or two disaffected people among us. Let them step forward, and declare themselves. We want neither renegades or traitors in our midst."

"That's so!" the voice replied.

"Again I say let those displeased with my views step boldly out, and allow me to answary objections that may arise. I've done nothing I am ashamed of. I blush for no thing that I do."

"No, you're past blushing!" was the ironical rejoinder.

A suppressed titter ran round the assemblage at those pertinent remarks of the unknown, and the governor's temper was not improved by observing the effect the words had produced on his hearers.

"I scorn to answer the fellow who is afraid to show himself, but I warn you all to be prepared for a desperate contest. We have only ourselves to look to our defence. We are in the hands of Providence."

"We are!"

This sudden change from peering comment to deep solemnity of utterance on the part of the unknown speaker, struck awe into the crowd, and caused Rody to turn pale.

In the hands of Providence!

Yes, for good or evil. For punishment or reward.

The thought expressed in this manner was too much for the governor.

He dismissed the meeting with a hurried admonition to be prepared for the worst.

As he entered his house, he encountered his daughter face to face.

"Father, I was about to seek you," said she. "They tell me that you have heard bad news?"

"Bad enough, girl! The redskins are going to attack us."

"Is there no hope?"

"Hope for what?"

"That this bloodshed may be avoided. Will they not listen to an offer of reconciliation?"

"And who would dare to make it?"

"Dare, father? I do not understand you. It is the duty of those who have done wrong to contrive by concession to atone for it, and, if possible, make peace."

"But who has done wrong?"

Alice did not answer in words, but the look she bestowed upon her father was eloquence itself.

"I see what you're thinking about, my girl. It's hard that inside of my own home I should meet with reproaches. Isn't it enough for me to have to bear the sneers and taunts of others, without being forced to listen to them from you?"

"Father!"

"Oh, yes; now you'll try to say you didn't mean to reproach me, but it won't do. I see it in your face, and, there, your eyes are full of tears; that's the way with you girls, when you can't use your tongues, you have always a stock of tears ready. But blubbering won't mend this matter; it's got to be settled with blows."

"Oh! father, can nothing be done?"

"Nothing, but prepare for the worst. Now, girl, stop your crying, or you'll drive me stark mad. I'll tell you what it is—I'm just in that sort of state, that if I don't do something, I shall go clean out of my mind. What with the worrying work here, and the grumbling discontent of a few paupers bounds about the settlement, I don't know how I keep my senses about me!"

The angry mood into which he had worked himself, was, however, no novelty to his daughter. She had, of late, seen it too often, and sorrowfully noted the change.

Still, she was a brave girl, and knowing she had a duty to perform, she did it fearlessly.

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed, apologetically, "I did not mean to reproach you. If my looks betrayed my thoughts, I can not help them, much as I may regret giving you pain. What I wanted to say was, that if there is any honorable way to avoid this bloodshed, it should be tried. There is no disgrace in acknowledging a fault."

"Who has committed one?"

"You know wrongs have been done by white people against the Indians, not alone now, but ever since the two races have been brought together. We are no better than others; but we can avoid their errors by trying to remedy the grievances they complain of."

Old Rody stamped the floor with rage; his daughter's remarks made him wince. Conscience, which he deemed selcipe, was at work, and upon the tongue of his own child had found utterance.

"Begone, girl!" he cried, "before I forget that you are my own flesh and blood. You insult me beyond endurance. I will manage my affairs my own way, without impediment from you. Ay, not only my own affairs, but the affairs of all here. I will have blind obedience; I demand it, and will exact it. Begone!"

His daughter looked him boldly in the face.

"Be it so, father," she answered; "I have done my duty—will always do it. Think, however, before it is too late, that your conduct in this matter, the groans of widows and the sighs of orphans may be laid. The happiness or misery of many rests upon your single word. It is an awful risk; reflect upon it, dear father, reflect!"

Her proud bearing gave place to tears. Her womanly heart was full to overflowing. It conquered her spirit for a time; and as she parted from her father's presence, she felt that the last hope of peace had vanished.

"By the eternal powers," cried he, "this will prove too much for me. It must come to an end!"

As Rody uttered these words, he drew from his pocket a flask and supplied it to his lips.

It was a bottle of brandy. It seemed the last friend left him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FORCED INTO SERVICE.

After entering the narrow stretch of water, Nelatu, for some time, plied his paddle with vigor.

He then paused to examine the place.

Sedges and cane breaks grew thick down to the water's edge.

There appeared no passage through them. Resuming his course, he attentively watched for any sign of habitation, but for a long time without success.

Just as he was turning the head of the canoe again in the direction of the lagoon, an object, floating on the surface, attracted his attention.

It was a oar.

A glance convinced him that it was the fellow of the one he held in his hand.

Re-animated by this assuring proof that he was going in the right direction, he fished it up, and abandoning the more laborious mode of paddling, he adjusted the oars in the rowlocks, and bending to them, made more rapid way.

He kept his eyes turning to right and left, on the look-out for a landing-place, which he now felt assured could not be far distant.

His scrutiny was at length rewarded.

A few hundred yards from where he had picked up the floating oar, a post was seen sticking up out of the bank.

To this was attached a Manila rope, the broken strands of which showed it to be the other portion of that fastened to the stern of the canoe.

The oar was found.

Those he had dimly seen in the morning, were doubtless close at hand.

He ran the craft in shore, fastened it securely to the post, and landed.

With cautious steps he followed the foot-hold he had been.

They led to a sheltered spot, upon which a rude hut had been erected.

The sound of a man's voice arrested his steps.

"He, he! I declare it makes dis chile larf, to think about de trouble dat's brewing for dem. De long time am comin' round at last. Ise b'in a waitin' for it, but it am comin' now."

It was Crookleg who spoke; but for the time, he said no more.

A stunning blow from Nelatu's clubbed rifle—that which would have crushed any skull but that of a negro—felled him senselessly to the ground.

On recovering consciousness, he found himself bound in a most artistic manner by a strong of deer-skin, which Nelatu had found near the hut.

"Hush!" said the Indian, in a half-whisper; "not a word, except to answer my questions. Don't move, dog, or I'll dash out your brains!"

The negro trembled in every limb.

"Is Warren Rody inside?"

Crookleg shook his head.

"Where is he?"

"Don't know, Massa Injun; don't know nothing 'bout him."

"Liar!"

"By Jimmies life, massa, dis chile don't know."

"Answer me—where is Warren Rody?"

"I give you one chance for your wretched life. Tell me, where is Warren Rody?"

The rattling of a tomahawk above the negro's head, convinced him that death would be the sure reward of untruth.

"Don't massa, don't kill de nigger. He'll tell you all he knows. Oh, don't kill me!"

"Speak!"

"He gone here, but he am gone."

"Out ob de swamp into de woods."

"De gal am gone long wid him."

Nelatu groused.

Warren, then, was guilty.

"Do you know me?" he asked,

"Oh, yes, massa, I know you well—you are Sam-Santa's brother. I tolle Warren he war a doin' wrong, but he am so headstrong he would take your sister. Dis chile's beginnin' bout him."

"False dog! you are deceivin' me."

"I swear, Massa Latu, Ise speakin' de dressed trut'."

Not deigning to reply, the Indian strode on to the hut, and entered it. It was deserted.

A lead bracelet lying inside attested to the truth of that portion of Crookleg's story which told him that Sam-Santa had been there.

He returned to the negro.

"Rise!" he said, in a commanding tone.

"I can't massa; you has tied me so tight I can't move."

"Rise, I tell you," repeated the Indian, with a threatening gesture.

Beginning to obey, the negro rolled over the ground in the direction of the rifle which Nelatu had laid aside in order to tie him.

He could be but reach that, he might defy his captor.

But the Indian was too quick for him.

With a kick which made Crookleg howl with pain, he forced him aside, and secured the weapon himself.

Seeing that his only chance was submission, the negro got upon his feet with some difficulty, and stood awaiting further orders.

Nelatu now unfastened the thongs that bound him.

"Go before me," he said.

Crookleg hobbled forward with a demoniac look upon his face.

They reached the water's edge.

"Is that your canoe?"

"Yes, massa; dat dug-out b'longs to me."

"Get in."

The black scrambled into the stern.

"Not there—the other end."

Crookleg obeyed.

Nelatu took the vacated seat.

"Now, lay hold of these ears, bend your back and row me to the place where you tanned Warren Rody and my sister. Remember that if you make the slightest attempt to deceive me, I will bury my tomahawk deep in your brain."

Thus admonished, the negro plied the oars, and the canoe darted rapidly through the water.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND. The Premium is \$1.00 per year, and is made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) \$2.50; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$6.00; Eight copies \$8.00; and one gratis \$2.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND \$1.00. Every subscriber gets a Premium Engraving in addition.

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We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of "The Death Shadow of The Poplars," "Sydney Adrienne," "The Planter Pirate," &c., &c.

SIMON JENNINGS.

Among the scholars was the son of a poor clergyman, who rejoiced in name of Simon Jennings. He was of so dismal and gloomy a nature, that he had been nicknamed by his companions Pontius Pilate. One morning he went up to Dr. Bowyer, and said, in his usual whispering manner—

"Please, Dr. Bowyer, the boys all call me Pontius Pilate."

If there was one thing old Bowyer hated more than a false quantity in Greek or Latin, it was the habit of nicknaming. In the long time am comin' round at last, Ise b'in a waitin' for it, but it am comin' now

OUR AFRICAN PARROT.

BY N. S. DODGE.

I was bargaining for the bird at a stall in Leadenhall Market sometime during the spring of 1855. She was a gray, African parrot, with sleek plumage set off by a dash of red at the tip of her tail, about the size of a large wood-pigeon, well formed, particularly about the head and neck, but with a white feather cropping out here and there, that indicated approaching old age. The dealer, who, with his father and grandfather before him, had sold parrots in the same place ever since the year 1798, as the owner of his stall indicated, and whose statements bore all the appearance of truth, thought she must be seventy years old at least, from what he knew of her history.

"Was she healthy?"

"Perfectly so, and would probably live, with good treatment, twenty years, and longer."

"Clever?"

"The best talker I ever owned, has more words at command than any parrot in London, and if she were not bashful, would fetch me twenty pounds."

"And you say she has learned to bad words?"

"No, sir. You may hang her cage in your parlor, and she will never bring a thief to the check of the most modest maiden in Britain."

"How long have you had her for sale?"

"Nearly two years. To tell you the truth, sir, her age is against her. Gentlemen don't like to purchase an old bird. They make a mistake there, sir. She'll live till they are tired of her, and she hasn't got to be taught. She knows enough now. Old Mr. Price, of Brecknockshire, Wales, the great Welsh scholar, who died seven years ago, had her of his father in 1802, who had purchased her of an African trader at Bristol fifteen years before, and she was then a full-grown bird. She can talk both Welsh and English, sir, and you will never regret buying her."

"You are quite sure she is free from all disease?"

"Bring her back, sir, if she has anything beyond a touch of the gout in the next year, and I'll return the money."

I thereupon closed the bargain for Polly and her cage, and calling a cab, took her home to Rochester square.

The Empress of France, married on the 19th of the previous January, proud with the dot of the 150,000 francs annual grant of the French Chambers, and vain of her reception at Windsor Castle, had just made her imperial exit from London; and Polly, being the penalty *pater familiæ* paid for saving his only daughter from the crush that cost eighteen lives and nine times that number of broken limbs and mutilated bodies, was instantly named Eugenie. It is proper to state here, however, that as nothing which concerned Polly ever remained alone without her consent, and as she repudiated all *parecœu* pretensions to the royal rank she maintained among us for thirteen years, the name of Eugenie was never used in addressing her. She entered our house, reigned over it, without a rival, during all its migrations, and left it at last—*dies infelix!*—acknowledging only her ancestral name of Polly.

Polly—though presented as a gift to the young miss alluded to, whose title to her ownership was never in dispute—became at once the pet of all the household. Her first greeting to her new friends was on the evening of her arrival, as we were all standing around her cage, by the simple and brief "Pretty Polly," spoken in pleasant tones, as if modestly introducing herself to our acquaintance. She would say nothing further; so, with special directions to the servants of safe-keeping from the cat and dog—directions we often laughed about afterward—when we better knew her abilities of self-protection—she was left for the night.

The next morning gave promise of one of those unusual April days in London which, though the mercury in Fahrenheit never reaches 75°, the English people call "hot," and Polly was placed upon the leads in the rear of the first flight of stairs. All efforts to coax her into a talking mood had failed, and the three ladies had left her to her mumps, when a clear, mellow whistle, with a prolonged cadence that rose and fell like the reveille of a bugle, was heard through every part of the house, followed by a soliloquy, so rapid and yet human-like, that everybody ran to the windows. "Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly! Polly wants a shirt! Scratches her poll! Scratch her poll! Going, going, going, Polly going for twenty pounds! Going! Going! Twenty pounds! Twenty pounds! Mr. Price! Mr. Price! Who are you? Going for twenty pounds!" The last repeated in the prolonged, despairing notes of an auctioneer unwillingly sacrificing the lot he has for sale, and all spoken in such varieties of intonation and natural cadences as filled the listeners with wonder. While repeating these sentences with a volubility and distinctness that defies description, Polly stood balancing her self on one leg, "teetering" the children afterward called it—swaying her body and back forth, her head cocked on one side, her small, round eyes watching against the approach of an intruder, and her attitude and bearing full of independence and nonchalance. The shouts of delight that followed this first essay of her powers of utterance checked her at once, and we soon learned that it was only when left to herself, and that during the warmest days in the open air, that her impetuosity was indulged to its vent. Then—exposed to the full rays of the sun, without company, better in the "vines" of the country than in town, full fed, her feathers smooth and glossy, her morning exercise of climbing the rounds and bars of her cage and swinging upon her ring finished, her ablations thoroughly performed, and her poll scratched by the one whom she had chosen to consider her best friend—this last a favor she never failed to ask upon Mrs. G.'s approach, "scratch her poll, scratch her poll, pretty, pretty Polly, scratch her poll!"—would she pour forth her melody of language. Beginning with a sharp rebuking tone to "Mr. Price," followed by a beseeching request, "Polly wants her beer," she would call the cat "Pussy! poor pussy! mew! mew! poor pussy!" whistle to the dog, ask of the onlookers who stood below, wondering, "Who, who are you?" and then, composing herself to the dignity of surging to and fro, repeat, with infinite variety, her rich vocabulary.

In two respects she was remarkable; she never ceased to learn new words, old as she was, and she never forgot what she had already learned. But you could not teach her; she taught herself. Unceasing efforts to make her say "Harrie" or "Thidde" failed, but the rebuking call to "George," and the welcome back to "Roy," the dog suc-

longed whistle of the oldest son returning at evening from the office, and the cant phrase of an ostrich in the neighboring mews, "I'll warm ye," she adopted at once.

It happened one noon, during her first summer with us, that a strange cat, attracted either by Polly's mimicry of her call or the hope of a sweet morsel of bird, had stolen on to the leads. No person whom either could see was near. The former, a full-grown "Tom," crouching stealthily and slowly, amid long and doubtful pauses, approached the cage. Polly, confident in her power, for she was a stranger to fear, and as if possessed of reason, began her call of "puss, puss, puss, poor pussy, poor, poor pussy," in her most winning tones, and followed it by her perfect imitation of the cry of a kitten for its mother. For ten minutes or more, while the changes of "mew! mew!" sometimes quick and sharp, sometimes prolonged wailings, and the endearing "poor, poor pussy," were rung by the bird, the cat, now and then shifting her line of approach, kept drawing nearer the cage. Her eyes were fixed upon the strange object before her, her tail waved stiffly to and fro, her movement forward was so slow as to be almost imperceptible, and her crouch, and pointed ears and lithe back, and frequently protruded tongue, and whiskers instinct with life, indicated her full purpose.

A minute more and her paw, thrust between the bars of the cage, was about to fix its claw in the bird's flesh, when a yell startled the house. Polly's beak, that terrible weapon which neither man nor beast dared encounter twice, with the quickness of an arrow had transfixed the cat's paw, and she was struggling, with cries of pain to be free. It was a fair fight for championship, in which Polly was the victor, and by whatever means the result may have been known, it is certain that no animal of the feline species on either side of the Atlantic ever afterward disputed her supremacy.

One of the earliest acquaintances Polly made in our house—an acquaintance that quickly ripened into intimacy—was with Flora, a small, white German spitz, in whose blood there was a dash of the Esquimaux dog, brought to England by Captain Parry, from Lancaster Sound, in 1818. Without unusual sagacity or strong antipathies, Flora was easily won by attention and kindness, so that no sooner had Polly learned to call "Flo, Flo, Flo," than the former acknowledged a tie of friendship between herself and the bird. Twenty times in a day would she rush from the area at Polly's call, tear up the stairs, and giving two short barks, as much as to say, "well, I'm here," curl down near the cage, and engage in catching flies, at which she was expert, until she fell asleep. Polly meanwhile looking contentedly on. She was the only animal at whom the bird never struck when she found an opportunity. When Flora died, Polly ceased to call her; and it is not remembered that she has spoken her name once in nine years. Even the stuffed skin of Flora, which was shortly brought home and placed in a glazed case near her cage, failed to awaken in the bird remembrances of her lost friend.

As has been stated already, one of her most emphatic calls was "George." From the top of the stairs, through the halls and rooms, to the most distant parts of the house, the short, sharp, and decisive "George! George!! George!!! would ring, every repetition of the name being made increasingly severe and emphatic. "Confound you, Polly," said the subject of this call one morning, "I've a great mind to ring your neck." "Come along," replied the bird.

A smith, who was called in to repair the handle of her cage, was warned against her bite. While working wary at the job with wire and pincers, Polly, after eyeing him for a time, gave vent to her indignation in a quick, angry "George!" The man started as if shot, and turning pale, said, "Why, that's my name! She's a devil!" and was with difficulty persuaded to complete his work.

Two foppish young men were endeavoring one Sunday afternoon, from a neighboring window, to attract her attention. "Say something, Polly! Sell at auction, Polly! Do talk!" Polly, who was apparently interested in some stable talk overheard among the oysters, and always manifested contempt for fine outsiders, for a long time paid no attention to their requests, until, as if wearied by their importunity, she turned upon them with, "Who are you?" and immediately resumed her attitude of listening, refusing to speak another word.

The name of her mistress she never called aloud, and indeed, never spoke, except during the half hour they spent together daily. Then, courting every demonstration of fondness which hand, or voice, or look could give, bending her head to be scratched, stretching her back to be smoothed, kissing, shaking hands, giving back and receiving again her lump of sugar, and rolling tongue in the overflow of gladness on swing and perch and bar, sometimes rattling off words too rapid for full pronunciation, "Pretty Polly, pret, pret, Poll, Polly wants, pretty Polly," or subsiding into a gentle mood, accompanied by a "Hush, hush, lengthening the aspirate like a mother quieting her child, "oh, oh," and breathing the low cooing she had caught from the doves, she would begin, "Mary! Mary! Pretty Mary! May, May, May!" with a continually decreasing volume of sound, till it reached a confidential whisper. She made friends of others, and perhaps was as pleased with their attentions, but the name of Mary she never uttered except to her mistress.

More remarkable in some respects than her power of speech was her whistle. It was a full, loud, clear note, of great power, as melodious as that of the piping bullfinch, and various as the mocking-bird's. Usually whistling in scales, with a compass of more than two octaves, she would run up and down her semi-wild, semi-cultivated garden by the hour, introducing now and then, as variations, snatches caught from the violin or overheard in the street. A gentleman calling to introduce a friend one evening had passed her cage on the landing, when she gave one of her wild scales, the echo of which rang through the house. Thinking the whistle was to proceed from his companion who was following him, the gentleman turned angrily around, saying, "D—t, Smith, do you know where you are?"

Though Polly's words and phrases were imitative, they were, beyond doubt, often associated with ideas. If the person fetching her food were stopped on the way, she would cry, "Come along, come along!" If one she liked (never to one she disliked) approached her cage, putting her head through the bars, she asked, "Scratch her poll," repeating the request till granted; and to boys, who in the country stood wondering at her through the palings, she invariably cried, "Who are you?" To Hesior, the dog suc-

ceeding Flora, but with whom she formed no friendship, she barked; to the cat, as also to a mif or other furs, she either mewed or called "puss;" to a stranger she addressed "Mr. Price;" to two ladies who were accustomed to stand admiring her, "pretty, pretty Polly," dwelling on the adjective with a voice of feminine softness; and only when alone, in the joy of a hot midsummer's day, selling herself to some mythical buyer, "going, going, going, Polly going for twenty pounds!"

It was charged that she was treacherous, but only by those who had incurred her anger and were afraid of her terrible beak. She never struck a friend but once, and then because the hand that caressed her was gloved, and she never lost an opportunity to inflict a blow upon an enemy. To her favorite next to her mistress, a lady of great gentleness and equanimity of character, she would come to be petted with the greatest eagerness, bending her neck, softening her voice, offering her claw, and in many ways manifesting her affection. She knew every member of the family, calling four of them by name, and what, considering the difference she made in every other demonstration between friend and foe, *je* remarkable, two of the four were her special dislike.

In all Polly's wonderful vocabulary there were no words which she used more effectively or appropriately than those intended to excite a consciousness of wrong.

Nothing irregular ever came within her notice, nothing disobedient by the children, or evasive by the servants, or rude by visitors, or undignified by the elders of the family, which was not followed by an instant expression of scorn. "For shame! For shame!" spoken in those low, grave tones, with the falling inflection, that give to our Saxon idioms an intensity of rebuke beyond most modern tongues, fell upon the unwilling ears of wrong-doers, not without good. Where she caught the words, or why she never misapplied them, was alike mysterious. To the attempt to terrify her by menace, or to punish her by blows—to the worrying of dog or cat—to the boisterous crying of boys or girls—to hasty words of anger spoken in her hearing—she applied the solemn, dignified rebuke. "For shame! For shame!" In this respect she was, in fact, the mentor of the household, many a door having been shut, and many a scene of disturbance removed from hall to study or parlor, to escape from hearing her reiterated rebuke.

Like most domestic animals she was strongly under the law of habit. She insisted upon the cleansing of her cage, supply of her food, change of her water for drink or bathing, removal to the open air from the house, and her daily lumps of sugar, at certain fixed hours, any omission or postponement of which she knew both how to make known and to punish.

The only exception to this was her twelve years' membership in our family afforded, was her escape one morning to a neighboring roof in London, and her unwillingness to be captured and brought back. We at one time furnished her with a companion of her own breed, an African parrot, younger and sprightlier than she, but she refused all acquaintance or any introduction that should lead to it, not according even the recognition which she gave to dog, cat, or canary bird. Age had made her celibate habits a second nature, and she bridled up with the dignity of an ancient saint at any purpose of invading them.

Of Polly's faults it is best to say nothing, "nor draw her frailties from their dread abode." Even the gout is imperfect, and the god Pan, who was more than human, sometimes changed the music that caused all the wood nymphs to dance, into cries that drove every one mad. With all her winning blandishments, Polly had the power of making herself infinitely disagreeable. At the approach of cold weather her gayety disappeared, her spirits sunk, and her sulks came on, lasting the whole winter. This change of disposition was accompanied by shivers—the country folk called them *squawks*—uttered at intervals of every few seconds, and continued for hours. Nothing availed to stop them—fool, the warmest place in the house, or threats—except the total exclusion of light from her cage, and this was accomplished by drawing over it a thick covering of drugged.

Polly came to this country in 1861. She bore the voyage impatiently, making our state room hideous by her complaining, and was so ill-natured that, to warn visitors not to approach too near, we hung a placard "She bites" upon her cage. Under the July sun of Columbia county, New York, however, she shortly recovered her good temper, and, barring an occasional attack of gout in her feet, continued in good health up to this last winter. She had then reached the age of eighty years. Without considering the exhausted resources of advanced life to meet severe cold, she was committed to Adams' Express to be taken on to Washington City during the severest night of the season, and froze to death on the way. The taxidermist of the Smithsonian Institute has done his best to preserve the bird's mortal part, and restore it to our sight. But he had never seen Polly alive, and has failed. As her form, perched on a spray, rises above the bracket before me, it is but the mockery of the queenly bird—the arched neck, and knowing look, and graceful posture, and princely bearing, are no longer there. As the grave-digger said to Hamlet about poor Ophelia (varying a single word)—"One that *caus* a parrot, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead."—*The Galaxy.*

WARNING.

Tell me, angelic hosts,
Ye messengers of love,
Shall suffering printers here below
Have no redress above?

The angel bands replied,

"To us knowledge given,
Delinquents on the printer's books
Can never enter heaven!"

Presence of Mind.

In times of danger nothing is so important as presence of mind. An English writer, discoursing on the subject, gives the following instances in point:

A lady was in front of her lawn with her children, when a mad dog made his appearance, pursued by the peasants. What did she do? What would you have done? She went straight to the dog, received his head in her thick stuff gown, between her knees, and, muffling it up, held it with all her might till the men came up. No one was hurt. Of course she fainted after it was all right.

We all know the story of the Greek mother who saw her child sporting on the edge of the bridge. She knew at a cry would startle it over into the raging stream—she came gently near, and, opening her bosom, allured the little scapegrace.

Items.

LONDON, August 21.—Dispatches were received in this city to-day giving the particulars of a heartrending calamity which occurred in North Wales yesterday afternoon, whereby twenty-five persons lost their lives.

A train of cars from Holyhead, containing the passengers and mail from Ireland, which was proceeding towards Liverpool at the usual speed, met with a sad accident yesterday at the little town of Abergele, in the county of Denbigh. A long train of loaded petroleum trucks had just been switched on a siding, to make way for the Irish mail train, but the switch-tender neglected to replace his switch.

A dreadful collision was the consequence, by which seven passengers in the Irish mail train were killed outright, and many others badly injured. The cars in both trains were reduced to a shapeless mass. The concussion produced an explosion of petroleum, which instantly enveloped both trains in flame, and before the fire could be subdued eighteen persons were burned to ashes.

A Paris correspondent writes that an attempt is being made to restore the high tortoise shell comb of our grandmothers. A few heads—*a la Chinoise*, with bow of hair on the top of the head backed by a high comb, are seen in the store windows of our court hair-dressers, and one or two of the ultra-elevated adherents are determined to favor the movement.

—A method of separating honey from its comb, by means of a centrifugal apparatus devised for the purpose, is said to have many advantages over any other now in use. Among others, the honey is obtained in a state of perfect purity, the bee-bread and the wax remaining behind. The cells, also, being but little injured, may be returned to the swarm, which immediately proceeds to fill them again without loss of time.

—Thurlow Weed from London that the effect of the drought upon the parks can scarcely be credited by those who have not seen them; in many of them there is not even a pretense of pasture. In a wooded quarter of Hyde Park the withered and fallen leaves covered the ground as they do with us in November.

—Findlay, Ohio, has lately struck two gas wells, the product of which is used in illuminating private residences, and it is proposed to try to get a supply to light the town.

—Owing to the extraordinary heat during this summer in Paris, all the tropical trees and plants have flowered and produced fruits and seeds, even the manioc, indigo, cinnamon, coffee, banana, and also the cotton plant.

Elder-Down.

Elder-down much used for coverlets, and is the lightest and warmest covering made; this down is from the breast of the elder-duck. The best down is that which the birds have stripped from their breasts to make a lining for their nests, that is taken from the dead bird being considered inferior in quality and called *dead down*, in contradistinction to that which is taken from the nests and termed *live down*. The down is placed between two pieces of silk or other material, and quilted in large diamonds to keep the feathers in their place. The elder-duck is very abundant in Iceland, Lapland, Greenland, and Spitzbergen, on the shores of Baffin's Bay, &c. It is of a size intermediate between the domestic duck and geese. In Iceland and Norway the breeding grounds of eiders are carefully protected, so that as little as possible may interfere with the elder-down crop. This curious and beautiful down grows on the breast of the bird, and the mode of procuring it is somewhat singular. The nest is composed of seaweed, and any hole in ledge is evidently considered as an eligible building site. The number of eggs laid is usually five, six, or seven; they are three inches long, two broad, and of a uniform pale-green. When first deposited in the nest they are allowed to go uncovered, but in a few days the mother begins to pluck down from her breast, and to cover them over, and this process would seem indispensable to the growth and hatching of the young birds, for if the nest is plundered till the female has left no down on her breast, the male bird will begin to furnish the comfortable covering from his own body. The common practice is to remove the whole of the eggs with the down twice, and to leave the third lot of eggs, that the birds may not be thinned in number. The gross weight yielded by one bird in a single season is half a pound, but this when cleaned is reduced by one-half. The elasticity of elder-down is so great, that three-quarters of an ounce will fill a man's hat. It is capable of great compression, so that the down makes its appearance in balls no larger than a breakfast cup, but weighing about three pounds. The flesh is said to be fit for food, and even of excellent flavor when the duck is wholly or partially domesticated.

—*The Heated Term.*

August is invariably an unhealthy month, and the dog-days are universally quoted as an unhealthy season. Diseases more frequently terminate fatally at this time than at any other, owing to the relaxation of the system. This is, therefore, the proper time to use a remedy that will recompense the strength and fortify the system against the attacks of disease. Experience has demonstrated the fact that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is the best medicine used to accomplish this desirable object. By its use the appetite is increased, digestion promoted, all feelings of depression removed, and the vital functions restored. The afflicted should avoid all pernicious alcoholic preparations purporting to be tonics and restoratives, as they only afford temporary exhilaration, and eventually entail dangers, if not fatal, results. This is never the case with HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. They afford permanent benefit and soothe the nerves without reaction following their use. The weak and debilitated, by its aid, awake to a sense of the enjoyments of life, and they are enabled once more to take their accustomed positions in society. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are now considered the standard remedy for all diseases arising from an impurity of the blood. They are manufactured in great quantities, and there is scarcely a city or hamlet on the habitable globe where they may not be found. *August 21st.*

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THE DREAMER.

Not in the laughing bower,
Where, by green-twining arms, a pleasant shade,
A summer-noon, is made,
And where swift-footed hours
Steal the rich breath of the enamored flowers,
Dream I—not where the golden glories be,
At sunset paving o'er the flowing sea,
And to pure eyes the faculty is given
To trace the smooth ascent from earth to heaven.

Not on the couch of ease,
With all appliances of joy at hand—
Soft light, sweet fragrance, beauty at command,
Viands that might a godlike palate please,
And music's soul-creative ecstasies.
Dream I—not gloating o'er a wide estate,
Till the full self-complacent heart, elate,
Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,
Sighs for an immortality on earth:

But where the incessant din
Of iron hands, and roar of brassed throats,
Join their unmilling notes,
While the long summer day is pouring in,
Till day is done and darkness doth begin,
Dream I—or in the corner where I lie,
On winter nights, just covered from the sky;
Such is my fate, and barren as it seem,
Yet, thou blind, soulless scorner! yet, I dream.

And, yet, I dream—
Dream what were man more just, I might have been!
How strong, how fair, how kindly, and serene,
Glowing of heart and glorious of mien,
The conscious crown to Nature's blissful scene;
In just and equal brotherhood, to glean,
With all mankind, exhaustless pleasure keen;
Such is my dream.

THE HAUNTED BRIDE.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

Further on in the day Antony brought in a pair of tall, silver candlesticks with candles in them, and placing them on the table by which Catharine still sat reading, retired to be followed soon by his wife with a pile of bed clothes in her arms.

"Ah yes, I am glad you have thought of it, Eunice," said she, cheerfully. "I shall go to bed early; and I was just wondering whether I could sleep among all that ancient lace work; indeed, I had half determined to pass the night on this broad lounge that looks so comfortable, and not disturb the ornamental arrangement at all."

"Oh, will you, Miss?" cried Eunice, anxiously. "Oh, do, if you can, for Mr. Penderly himself will soon be here, as you say, and then it can be settled as he desires. I'm afraid he never meant this bed to be slept in. I wish—"

"There, pray say no more about it," said Catharine, coloring with annoyance and displeasure. "I prefer to sleep on the lounge; but please do not speak of my husband so. I cannot understand why you should think him either exacting or peculiar."

The woman drew a sigh of intense relief, and hastened to improvise a bed on the sofa very expeditiously. When it was arranged, she went out; first asking if any thing further was needed that night; Catharine answered no, and said she should retire early, which Eunice approved, and coming back into the room, drew near and said, hesitatingly—

"We shall go to bed early, too. We sleep away at the other end of the house, far back out of the way, and would not hear you if you should call. Is there nothing at all that you might want? If you think of any thing, please ask now, and do not go out in the hall or call us, for we cannot hear you."

"Is there no bell?" asked her mistress, looking round the wall and feeling quite startled at the prospect of such complete isolation.

Eunice shook her head, and again begged her to think of anything that might be needed, but resigning herself to her fate. Catharine dismissed her, and lighting her candles, read awhile longer, or rather made a pretence of reading. Then she got up and replenished the fire from the wood basket—for the place was so empty and lonely, that even the crackle of the blazing logs was better than its utter stillness. Then she yawned awhile, and told herself that she was desperately sleepy, although she felt a nervous wakefulness stealing over her that she did not intend to acknowledge even to herself. So she kept thinking "Oh, dear, I'm so weary, I shall be sound asleep as soon as I lie down, I know; first I'll lock my door, so that I shall have a complete sense of safety; though after all I am very silly to be startled by Eunice's words. I did not want to have her near me, and I never wake in the night," reasoning thus, she quite reassured herself, but she could not help adding—"I wonder why the room has no bell, what an odd idea—I must ask Clement about it. So she turned the door handle as she came to this conclusion, to find to her surprise, that it was fastened on the other side, and she was positively locked in. The discovery annoyed her excessively.

"What extraordinary people," she exclaimed. "I protest, it is quite a liberty, Clement should have prepared me for the eccentricity of his servants." She walked up and down the floor with a flushing face, and for a moment she actually blamed her absent husband, the next she regretted her haste and made amends remorsefully in her own mind.

Did she not insist on coming without him; did she not oppose his plan of returning to her Cousin Warrington's, although he seemed so anxious to save her from the loneliness she had voluntarily subjected herself to? She would go to bed sensibly and wait for a letter that was sure to come to-morrow. The sooner she got to sleep the sooner it would be morning, and she felt sure the sight of Clement's writing would make everything bright and cheerful in her eyes. Still it was a long time before she could succeed in keeping her eyelids closed, and even when she at last sank asleep, her rest was broken and she started continually.

It might have been near morning—she could not tell, for she had been asleep and awake a dozen times, so that the night

seemed interminable—but of what occurred she was perfectly conscious, and had the clear and unmistakable evidence of her senses.

She awoke with a sense of chilliness on her, for the fire had burned out and the air was cool, colder, she thought, than it should have become so soon after the room was thoroughly heated. A damp breeze seemed to blow over her, and there was no light except the faint glimmer of a night lamp from a distant corner of the apartment; a terrible stillness seemed brooding over everything, and an awestruck, desolate feeling crept into her heart as she thought of the great empty house, and her own locked chamber.

Suddenly something passed before her—

something long and white like a figure in a shroud. She drew a sharp breath of pain and horror, and then it seemed as if her heart refused to beat, and her blood turned to ice in her veins. She could not stir, and did not lift her fingers to stay the apparition, and yet she felt she would give all the world to grasp it and compel it to dispel the terror its presence had brought. In a moment more it flitted by again; and then she saw it was like a woman, with long, white hair, and that a pair of luminous eyes burning like living fire seemed to gleam over her, but not at her, as it was lost to view, and with a fear that made her soul sick, poor Catharine clutched the counterpane and covered her own white face, to shut out the sight. She must have become unconscious, for when she next opened her eyes it was clear, bright day, and the early sunlight was streaming into the little window looking towards the east.

She tried to raise her head, but it throbbed fearfully, so she lay still trying to disentangle the confusion of the night before, and persuade herself it was part of the delirium of fever. But anxious as she was to think herself deluded, it was useless to deny the reality of her terror—the white figure stood clearly defined before her, turn which way she would, and to be locked in a room where she had seen such a sight—even in the broad light of day, seemed dreadful. By and by she rose, and feeling an unconquerable yearning for the sight of a human face, be it whose it might, she ran to the door to knock and demand that it might be opened instantly.

The handle turned in her grasp, and the door swung back into the hall.

"Can I have dreamed that the door was locked," she thought; "I'm sure that I did and it was fast. I must call Eunice and ask her what it means."

She ran to the staircase, and called,

"Eunice, Eunice;" but no one answered the summons; then she went back again and began to walk about uneasily. The room was cold and cheerless, for the ashes lay heaped on the hearth, and the sun was overcast with clouds. She left the hall door open, for to close it seemed to shut out the little life there was, and the memory of the figure of the night before, made it seem haunted.

Eunice had a silent tread, for she stood on the threshold before Catharine heard her step.

"We did not think that you would be stirring so early, or else I should have had my fire started," she said. "Here comes Antony with the wood; may he come in?"

It was on her lips to beg the woman to tell her the meaning of her last night's visitation, and entreat her to get her a maid who would sleep near at hand, and save her from the sense of desolation that overpowered her—but with the daylight and human society came her natural dignity and courage, and so she tried to assume an expression of cheerfulness, and hide the traces of her terror.

"I am glad that you are come, Eunice," she said, quietly. "It is very chilly this morning, or else I do not feel quite well—so I'll put my shawl around me till the fire is lighted."

All the time she spoke she was conscious

of the woman's curiously stealthy way of watching her, as if she expected to detect

something in her face that she yet feared to see.

Catharine had sufficient self-control to prevent her feelings betraying themselves, and so after secretly watching her for a while, Eunice uttered a sigh of relief, and said she was thankful to find that Mrs. Penderly rested well, and hoped that that she would have an appetite for breakfast, which would have an appetite for breakfast, which would be ready presently.

"How do you get letters here?" Mrs. Penderly asked, trying to appear calm on the subject of such intense importance. "I expect one to day, and should like to know whether I should send to the village for it, or wait till it is brought."

Antony had by this time lighted the fire, and having considered the matter for a moment, with great seriousness, he replied—

"None of us ever had a letter come to the place, nor Mr. Penderly never had, as far as I know—but there is a post-office at Parkerstown, where you stopped all night—and may be you might get a letter from there."

This was strange, and she wondered why

Clement had lived so entirely secluded when he seemed so full of interest and sympathy with the world. The letter, that was the one idea of her brain, for there must be a letter, though she had never thought to make him promise to write. It must be gotten, and so she would send Antony to Parkerstown, and not risk the chance of its being sent to Penderly Peaks.

But Antony, when this plan was proposed to him, seemed to think it entirely impracticable.

"I can't leave the place, ma'am," he repeated. "Mr. Penderly would never forgive me, if he knew I left the place—Eunice, you know how much I wish to serve the lady, and you can tell her how hard it is for me to refuse to leave the place. I gave my sacred promise I never would."

Catharine looked in amazement from one to the other, when Eunice came to her rescue.

"Antony is right, ma'am; though it seems

hard—he has Mr. Penderly's orders to follow. But there's the young man from the town, who will bring you things—he will be a good messenger to send; and I'll watch for him, and tell you when he comes."

With this arrangement she was forced to be content; and when at length the wagon arrived, and she hastened its unloading, and sent the driver back to the post-office at Parkerstown, she seated herself at the window that commanded the road, to watch for his return.

At last he came; it seemed an age of

waiting to her; and when he told her there was no letter, she turned sick and faint, for twilight was at hand, and the horror of the night she had passed was again stealing over her.

Restless and dejected, she walked about

her room in which the two strange servants had made her a prisoner, and being deprived of her only sustaining hope, could not for a time either think or reason.

Thank Heaven, no mood can last forever. So after a time she became more composed, and her first quiet thought was in extenuation of her husband's apparent neglect.

"He wrote to me at once—I'm sure of that; but there is always a delay at these out-of-the-way stations."

Eunice brought her tea late; she had asked for it at half-past seven, hoping to break the monotony of a long, dull evening; and now that it had come, she found herself trying to detain the woman by various devices in the room with her—for although the shy watching and secret manner of Eunice annoyed her, she did not suffer utter loneliness so much, that even her presence was a relief.

"Why do you think I had better remain in my own room, and not begin housekeeping in a regular manner?" asked she, suddenly, trying to startle the old woman into a frank answer.

"She failed in her design, for after remaining silent awhile and being very busy with her tray, Eunice replied:

"I wouldn't wish you to think I dictated to you, ma'am; but Mr. Penderly gave us his commands, and we have not heard from him to the contrary of what he told us. Antony and I must wait till we see him—it was there's any change; and we will risk his being displeased, rather than act without his orders."

She did not look at her mistress in speaking, but seemed anxious to evade her eye, and very desirous of getting away from the room. She fidgeted under each fresh demand on her service—and more than once had got to the door and turned the handle when Mrs. Penderly called her back.

She had put wood on the fire, added a counterpane to the lounge, found snuffers to trim the candles, and drawn the curtains, when Catharine, failing to invent any other task, was obliged to see her depart, and make up her mind to loneliness. Suddenly remembering the locking of her door last night, she sprang up and running after her to insist on being allowed to manage her own bolts and bars, found herself in the dark and empty hall from which Eunice had suddenly disappeared. As she stood irresolute, not quite decided whether to grope her way down in the darkness or return and wait till to-morrow, she became rooted to the ground in terror—for a long, low, hollow cry rang out through all the house, and echoed drearily through the hall where she stood. She listened, unable to fly, though struck with fear at its ghostly moaning sound, and strained her eyes in the darkness to discover whence it came. As she waited, it was repeated fainter, and with an indescribable wailing in its tone—and this time the fear that had at first paralyzed her, gave her power to flee, and she sped into her chamber, and locked and bolted her door as intent on keeping out the sound.

That night she passed quietly, no form or voice disturbed her further, but a dull dread hung over her like a heavy pall, and she seemed forgetting to hope or look forward beyond this weary time. She kept her candles burning and replenished her fire, and sleep having fled from her eyes lay watching for sights and sounds, the memory of which filled her with fear. Despite her efforts to banish them, her cousin's words would continue to obtrude themselves mockingly on her mind. "Reserved and mysterious," she kept repeating. "No, no, he will be reserved or mysterious to me, he will explain it all when he comes, and oh, I wish he were here!"

But although she wished, she scarcely dared to hope. It was as if the two or three blank, miserable days spent in this wretched place had overcast all the rest and swallowed the light and buoyancy of her life. Morning brought returning spirits, and she sprang up crying.

"Oh, there must be a letter to-day, the man will not fail to bring me one, I know." So she sat at the window and scarcely took time to swallow a mouthful of breakfast in her anxiety not to lose sight of the road for an instant.

In vain she watched; not a human figure appeared all the long day, for the little bridge-path led from the main road to the house was nearly overgrown with young spring grass, there were so few to tread it down. Thus past the dreary day, and she seemed turning to stony despair.

Eunice found her one day lying with her head upon her arms, her whole figure expressing abandonment to grief—it was twilight again, and the sun having set clearly, a sweet, soft-airy spring-night, was making the world outside beautiful. The old woman's heart seemed touched with pity for the poor girl who still kept her face hidden, unconsciously of her presence.

"If you please, ma'am," she said, "Antony sent me to tell you that the garden looks very pleasant, and he thinks you would enjoy walking in it awhile."

Catharine got up instantly, and without saying put a light mantle around her shoulders.

"I am afraid you do not feel well, ma'am,"

she said. "Come to the garden with me."

"I am afraid I am not fit for a walk," she said. "I am afraid I am not fit for a walk."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

She was quiet now, and could think and pray. Her uplifted soul uttered but one wild, longing wish, and that was for a rest in the grave, the merciful grave that would shield her broken heart from the pity of the world.

His name she did not dare to murmur even in her thoughts, that would be sinful, for he was not hers and never had been. She shuddered and strove to draw the veil of oblivion over the poor distraught creature who claimed him rightfully and divided them for ever, as the care sped on and the dreary hours wore away till noon.

"Change ears here for R——," cried the conductor at the door.

She seemed to wake up at the sound, and looked around her with a dim remembrance of meaning to go in that direction. So she rose, and trembling with weakness followed the people who streamed out into the waiting room.

As she reached the turning of the platform a truck laden with trunks rushed towards her; she strove to get out of the way, but either her dress was entangled or her strength gone, for she fell, and the man rushed rudely against her prostrate form.

Falling, she uttered a cry of fright and pain, and a gentleman pacing the walk with an anxious air, turned quickly at the sound. At the first glance he stood transfixed an instant, then catching her up in his arms he bore her into the station with half intelligible exclamations of mingled joy and distress.

A passive figure she lay, that gave no returning expression of recognition or delight, and the female attendant of the place coming to his aid, ran for a physician and restoratives. It was a long time before either was of any avail, and when at last she became conscious the sight of her companion seemed so great a shock that she relapsed again into insensibility, to his great alarm. The doctor advised her immediate removal to more comfortable quarters, and so she was borne in a close carriage to the best hotel the town could boast of. There she received such attentions that her strong young life and returning strength struggled successfully against her misery, and she sat upright and looked with sad, hopeless eyes into her husband's anxious face.

"Oh, my own darling," he cried, in a voice trembling with emotion, "how unspeakably glad I am to have you with me once again, even in this poor, shattered state. Oh, my love, how a miserable, tiresome mistake it was that led you to my poor uncle's dreary house and prevented your hearing from me for all these wretched, endless days!"

She gave a quick gasp, caught his hands in hers, but did not speak, except with her eyes, which asked with wild earnestness for more.

"What?" he cried, reading their meaning, "have you suffered under some dreadful delusion? Did you think that was our home? Oh, my love, have you doubted me, and does this poor, white, death-like face tell me truly that you have felt yourself deceived and injured?"

She moved her lips, trying to speak, but no word came.

"Oh, I see it all. My poor uncle's mad wife, of whose existence I was ignorant till now, the lonely place, the gloomy servants and the absence of letters from me, have crushed my bright darling. But, look up, love, it is all over now, and I will tell you how it happened, for unravelling this unfortunate mystery will be like medicine to your mind."

So he began to tell her that he had found his uncle ill; indeed, so ill that within two days after his arrival he was no more. He had sent for him at last, he said, because it was a justice due him to explain that there was nothing between them two, but that the wrong and trouble that separated them in this world was due to others, gone long ago to their account with heaven.

His uncle in a few words meant to spare the son the knowledge of his father's crime, explained that disagreeing with him about his sister's fortune, over which he exercised a guardian's right, they had come to high words, and Penderly received a sudden blow from Clement's father. The noise of the ensuing struggle brought the young wife of the master of the Groves to the chamber where it occurred, it was late at night, and seeing her husband lying on the floor, and a wild and furious man above him, she threw herself between them and received a blow on the head, which, after a long illness, deprived her of reason. This was why he could never look on the son of his wronger, and yet he did all in his power when he lay dying to soften the confession and assure his newly-born nephew of his true love. He had commended the poor crazed lady to his tenderest care, and with his last breath uttered charges concerning her comfort and protection.

Then Clement, only waiting to have the body prepared for removal to the neighborhood of its old home, hastened to the Peaks, overcome with anxiety at receiving no answer to his daily letters to his wife. There he found them awaiting him with the stunning information that she had never been there.

Almost frantic he had rushed back to the city, and sought the Warrantons, to find that she had never written a word, and they were ignorant of her whereabouts.

Driven desperate, he was part way back to the Peaks, when the thought of his uncle's house struck his mind, and he was just turning to go in that direction, when waiting for the down train he had stumbled on the poor flying Catharine in her agony and despair.

Gony and despair suddenly transformed to peace and joy. As a shipwrecked soul first hails home and love of kindred, so she turned to her husband's breast, and hid her unspoken suffering in tears of intense relief and rest.

It was long before she could find words to tell him the worst of that terrible time. Safe in the charms and delights of the beautiful home he had prepared to receive her, surrounded by friends, and restored to strength and health once more, she one day rolled away the burden of her past fears, and confessed the whole story of that frightened dread when she had thought herself bound to a man who had already living, though lunatic wife, and trembled at every sound and sight in the gloomy old house where she had been "a haunted bride."

BOLTED.—A landlord, recently going around to collect his rents, sent his servant ahead to prepare his tenants for the visit. Reaching the first house, and seeing his servant taking a survey, apparently in a vain endeavor to gain admittance, he inquired, "What is the matter, John? Is the door bolted?" "I don't know, sir," replied John; "but the tenant evidently has."

THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

When swallows dart from cottage eaves,
And farmers dream of barley sheaves;
When apples peep amid the leaves,
And woodbine scents the way—
We love to fly from daily care,
To breathe the country buxom air—
To join our hands and form a ring—
To laugh and sport, and dance and sing.
Amid the new-mown hay.

A stranger comes with eyes of blue;
Quoth he, "I'm Love, the youth and true;
I wish to pass an hour with you;
This pleasant summer day!"
Come in! come in! you saucy elf!
And who's your friend?"—"Tis Friend-
ship's self?"
"Come each—come both, our sports to
share;
There's welcome kind, and room to spare,
Amid the new-mown hay."

The ring is formed; but who are these?
"Come, tell your errand, if you please;
You look so sour and ill at ease,
You dim the face of day."
"Ambition!" "Jealousy!" "Strife!"
"And "Scorn"! and "Weariness of Life!"
"If such your names, we hate you kin;
That place is full, you can't come in
Amid the new-mown hay."

Another guest comes bounding by,
With brown un wrinkled, fair and high—
With sun-burnt face and roguish eye,
And asks your leave to stay.
Quoth he, "I'm Fun, your right good
friend."
"Come in! come in! with you we'll end!"
And thus we frolic in a ring—
And thus we laugh, and dance, and sing,
Amid the new-mown hay.

The Lights on Gwyneth's Head.

CHAPTER I.
A NORTHERN COAST.

The tide was out, and the air that blew over the long stretch of yellow sand was very fresh, and gentle too, for March, which month does not always come in like a lion, but sometimes invades the proverb. There was a boat high and dry on the beach; there was something that looked like fishing nets; and there were two or three figures dotted about the sands.

All this Lucy Fernham saw from the drawing room windows of the big, irregularly-built house which stood in its own grounds, nearly a quarter of a mile inland, and which belonged to Sir Trevor Pole, master of the Redfield pack. There were a good many guests assembled in that drawing-room, and these Lucy knew that she was the star. She would have told you so very bitterly. She remembered, only twelve months ago, looking out of a cottage window on a wilder coast than this, and being filled with a sudden change of countenance at the name young Pole uttered; but that might have been mere accident. Anyhow, there ran through the courters an instinctive feeling of jealousy and dislike to the new comer. Each one of them flattered himself that he was getting on so well with the heiress, and here was, at least, a possible rival. Had she known him before? What made her turn so pale when his name was mentioned? The evening had grown dull, and couldn't recover itself. Lord Charles was consigning Mr. Denison to a broken neck over the Mallet's Collar; Sir Harry Dedham anathematized him as a pushing bore; and little Brandt—so called because he measured some six feet three—apostrophised him as a conceited jackass.

Lord Charles Fairstairs smoked a good deal that night, enveloped in a wonderful suit of green velvet, slightly dimmed; but he only asked one question, viz., "Can he ride?"

To which Mr. Trevor Pole, as soon as he understood the pronoun, replied most satisfactorily,

"Who? Archer Denison? Not he. At least, I should say not. He's a capital fellow, and all that—but he's had a different training from ours. He's going in for an R.A., you know."

Altogether, I would not have given much for Archer Denison's chance, if his day's enjoyment had at all depended upon the new acquaintances to whom he was about to be introduced; but it did not. Sir Trevor Pole, standing at the breakfast-room window with a dog-whip in his hand the next morning, saw his new visitor sauntering about on the lawn with the two Fernhams, and he threw up the window in a temper.

"Why can't they mount?" he said to his son, who leaned against the window with a cigar in his mouth. "And why haven't you made the most of your chances there, Trevor? I can tell you I am hard enough pressed; and Lucy Fernham is worth winning, by all accounts, instead of leaving her to those dandies, and now bringing down this Denison to add to the number."

"And cut them all out," added young Pole through his teeth.

"I must give up the hounds," said the baronet.

"I shall be sorry for that."

"Lucy Fernham sings with you, rides with you, flirts—"

Trevor broke into a laugh, and puffed out a cloud of smoke. Now the baronet couldn't smoke himself, and hated tobacco, so he drew back a little, and said, peevishly,

"But if you addle your brains with a detestable narcotic the first thing in the morning, no wonder others get before you."

Trevor straightened himself and flung away his half-finished cigar.

"Lucy Fernham doesn't flirt, sir; that's a mistake. She condescends to let a fellow weary her. I believe Denison is an old acquaintance—knew her when she was poor, and that sort of thing. It doesn't matter whom she marries, however, since it certainly won't be me."

"Yet you might have a chance if we join forces for Italy, which we are sure to do. I shall go to economize."

"So does Mr. Fernham," said Trevor, with a laugh.

The baronet laughed too.

"See that our economy isn't after his fashion, that's all. I can't afford it. Here comes Gladiator; you take care of him, Trevor; he's too good for you."

"I'll take care," replied Trevor, nodding to the compliment.

Once fairly on the road, Mr. Denison fell back from his place at Lucy's side, and kept behind. He knew that he had been a good rider years ago; but he knew also that Miss Fernham had no idea whether he was or not, and he watched her rather curiously. At first she rode on indifferently enough; but at a point which brought the Cross Roads in sight, she just turned her head and gave one glance at his general appearance.

"I'll give something to know what she thinks of me," said Mr. Denison to himself.

"Not that it matters to me though."

And there were the hounds dotted about amongst the yellow gorse, and the horsemen lighting it up with bits of vivid scarlet; which it is the fashion to call pink—and on the horizon to the right the long, low coastline of dull red sand; and in front the purple moor.

"It's worth coming to see," said Sir Trevor. "Take my advice, Miss Fernham, and follow the hunt. It won't take you into any mischief to-day."

Somebody interrupted him to ask a question about the earthstoppers, and when he turned round again Lucy was in front with her uncle and Archer Denison.

"I thought Trevor said he couldn't ride," muttered the baronet. "He shouldn't have had the bay if I had known."

But whatever Lucy meant to do, Mr. Denison had no intention of being in at the death. At the first check he found himself still close to the Fernhams, and looking on while some dozen horsemen craned their

inquire about him. He was; his son is. There is great simplicity in the theory."

Mr. Fernham looked up as he finished, saw the discomfort and perplexity on the faces around him, and his own lost its dreamy, abstracted expression.

"But you were speaking of the meet," he said. "It will be a splendid day for it. You can see that the sun will set without a cloud, and the wind is as it should be. Lucy, you will ride?"

"To see them throw off," replied Miss Fernham.

There was a chorus of exclamations at this from the gentlemen.

Mr. Fernham listened, and one white hand shaded his mouth. I think that the curl on Lucy's lip might have found its reflection there, only without bitterness. Bitterness involves, to a certain extent, suffering; and in Geoffrey Fernham's creed it was not worth while to exalt the little amusements of social life into channels for irritation.

"Perhaps Lucy is right," said the old man. "She doesn't care for leaping, and I do not. I was mad enough in my young days, but now—"

"There's not likely to be a leap worth the name in to-morrow's run," interposed Trevor Pole, junior. For which speech his guests and companion courtiers could have broken him upon the wheel, for why not, at least, make believe there were gallant things to be done?

"Unless they take the Mallet's Collar," put in Sir Trevor.

"That reminds me," said his son, "I met Archer Denison prowling about the Mallet's Collar this morning. I asked him here, sir."

A dead silence followed this speech. It was certain that Miss Fernham had looked up with a sudden change of countenance at the name young Pole uttered; but that might have been mere accident. Anyhow, there ran through the courters an instinctive feeling of jealousy and dislike to the new comer. Each one of them flattered himself that he was getting on so well with the heiress, and here was, at least, a possible rival.

Had she known him before? What made her turn so pale when his name was mentioned? The evening had grown dull, and couldn't recover itself. Lord Charles was consigning Mr. Denison to a broken neck over the Mallet's Collar; Sir Harry Dedham anathematized him as a pushing bore; and little Brandt—so called because he measured some six feet three—apostrophised him as a conceited jackass.

Archer might have laughed at the plainness of the poor little unthrone queen, but he saw Mr. Fernham at a little distance; and so he said, hastily,

"Lucy, you called me a naughty boy just now. Think me a boy, if you will; your brother, for instance. I want to know if you are aware what you are doing; if you understand all these devoted slaves of yours?"

"I understand that they want my money," said Lucy, simply.

"And since they cannot all have it, may

Lucy was silent a little, and then she said:

"I am very miserable, Archer."

"Why?"

"Because I have learned to doubt. If any one is kind to me I think at once it is money." It's very shocking, I know, but I can't help it. I cannot believe in any one. Now what do you think of me? I am worldly, of course, and you give me up. This is another thing the hateful money has done for me."

"Lucy," said Archer, "when you and I picked mosses in the Kentish woods last May you were as poor as I was."

"Well," he said, "I am sure of nothing, I believe. How can I be sure?"

"Good bye!" said Archer.

"Not yet. Not in that way, Archer! Consider; my lesson has been 'Non e vero' so long, and I have learnt it so well!"

"Good-bye!" repeated Archer.

"At least we are friends!"

Archer could not answer, for Mr. Fernham had come up; and shaking off a rather odd, foreign-looking individual with a polite

"Posto, restaurante, Napoli, for the next fortnight; afterwards Rome," and speaking a few matter-of-fact words to the artist, he walked off with his niece.

At the drive gate he paused.

"You have known this Mr. Denison before, Lucy?"

"Yes."

"But then he is poor."

"He is—"

A half smile on her uncle's lip checked her.

"Never mind," said Mr. Fernham. "He is a phœnix, no doubt. But, Lucy, I did not bring you away from Gwyneth's Head to give you to a struggling artist."

It was on Lucy's lips to say, "I wish you had left me there," but she refrained.

"Listen to me," proceeded Mr. Fernham.

"I have put you in a position to choose for yourself. Choose well, if possible; at any rate, I want to see you married—die—die!"

The word came with difficulty; it was hateful to him; it embodied the sublime climax of that suffering from which all his life had sought to escape.

"However," he finished, "we will talk no more of it now. See, there are the lights springing up. Let us go in."

Trevor took the lead, and followed the hunt.

Archer Denison, glancing towards Lucy

that night, went off into a fit of abstract contemplation of the girl who had sat on a big boulder, only a few hours ago, and covered her face. It was altogether different now; she was holding her court; far away above him; bestowing her favors with tolerable equality upon Lord Charles, Sir Harry, and Colonel Brandt; Trevor Pole looking darkly on. For Mr. Denison she had not a word; and he could not know that she would go to her room with a sore heart when it was all over, to look out towards the sea creeping back again, and cry for the days that were dead.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Japanese Women.

The Japanese women are as fair of skin as most Europeans, and are well formed, their arms, hands and feet being well moulded.

Were it not for their awkward manner of walking, owing to their sandals, they would be graceful. When sitting and conversing, the movements of their hands and arms are particularly so.

Their abundant black and rather coarse hair is bound up in thick masses at the back of the head, and a number of little arrows, made of gold, silver or ivory, are passed through it, something in the same manner as with the peasant girls on the Rhine.

Their coiffure once made, and the hair plastered with wax, it remains untouched for many days, care being taken not to disorder it in sleep.

The teeth are an object of much attention; the young girls and the men have them white and even; the married women still even, but glossy black.

Brushes, made of soft wood, and a fine powder, are used to keep them white, but the picture of an old woman, with her kani-box before her, blackening her teeth, is one of the most disgusting sights a stranger can look on.

Many girls also blacken their teeth, but the substance with which they do it is not very durable, as I have seen a brush and a little powder make them white and glistening again in a few minutes.

The women also extract their eyelashes, paint their lips and cheeks with safflower (rouge), and use rice-powder extensively in their toilet.

Altogether, the Japanese men and women, if not strictly beautiful, have much that is agreeable, and certainly original.

The young of both sexes are remarkably pleasing—ruddy, laughing, and very graceful in their actions; but though a young girl be like an angel at fourteen, she will be worn out, old and ugly at twice that age.

A Chinese Widow.

A passenger from San Francisco to Hong Kong describes a disconsolate widow that was among the Chinese passengers, of whom there were some twelve or fifteen. She had resided in California for fifteen years, had accumulated about twenty thousand dollars, and having lost her husband by death, was returning to China to abide for the future with her friends and kinsmen. She was about forty years of age, good-looking, when considered from a Chinese standpoint, and, being rich, would doubtless be considered a good catch by her countrymen. She had the bones of the "dear departed" polished after the Chinese style, boxed in a camphor-wood trunk, and was taking them to the flowery kingdom, in order that they might be deposited in the Joss House, alongside those of her ancestors.

Every day she would descend to the hold of the vessel where the remains were stowed, and spend an hour or two with the skeleton, muttering a mixed sort of prayer, while tears streamed from her eyes. Her minneries concluded, she would come upon deck, smoke her cigar, laugh and chatter with her countrywomen, as if she were the most light-hearted person in the world. One day, after she had terminated her hour's penance over the dry bones of her skeleton husband, I asked her, writes the correspondent, why she said her prayers over him daily, and was not a little astonished to hear her reply, "Me like to fools Chinaman; he tinkie me likee husband belly much; then maybe bime by me get another one. My husband in boxee belly good man, he belly dry and no stinkie." I felt that human nature was the same the world over, and therefore asked no more questions.

A Serenade Story by a Sufferer.

I don't believe in serenades unless the performers go home before twelve o'clock. I remember sympathizing with the feeling which induced a man who lived at the Burnet House in Cincinnati, to try to put a stop to serenades, though he did it in such a fashion as might have been dangerous. All the celebrities travelling West, put up at the Burnet House, consequently they average about three serenades a week. I don't remember what this particular serenade was about, but there was a great crowd outside listening, and the encroaches were fast and furious, when smash amongst the crowd fell a piece of crockery, followed by another piece, and still another. The gentleman had commenced with his tooth ring, and followed up by pitching down every piece of crockery he could find in his room. The night was dark, and the torches of the musicians did not give light enough to show where the insult came from, so as to punish the perpetrator; therefore, some one of the crowd called out, "Set fire to the house," and in less time than it takes to tell the story, the house was filled with the mob, many of them carrying lighted torches. This was serious, and there was great difficulty in getting them out again, it was, however, at last accomplished, and the next day the proprietors offered one hundred dollars reward to any one who would point out the offender, but nobody turned evidence and the thing died out.

STANDING THE SHOT.

One of our exchanges has a sensible article against the system in vogue of paying for each other on all occasions of amusements or in restaurants. In Europe, on all such occasions, it is as much a matter of pride for a gentleman to pay for himself as it is when he buys a new coat or a pair of boots. One gentleman no more thinks of paying for another than he would think of giving him a piece of money or buying him a pair of gloves. It would be insulting to him. If we consider it a sign of hospitality to pay for a friend, when we happen to accompany him to a theatre or to a bar, why do we not consider it equally a sign of hospitality to insist on paying for his hat when we enter a store with him?

Europe your friend buys tickets for both as a matter of convenience, and tells you the price of your ticket as he hands it to you, and you return him the money. In America you request a friend to buy you a pair of gloves or an umbrella or a necktie, while he is in the street. He does not hesitate to tell you its price, and to accept the money. It would be indecent for him not to do so. If, however, you go to a theatre together, he hurries on before you, buys two sets, and is insulted if you offer to pay your share. To do such a thing in Europe would be as indecent as it would have been for him to demand payment for the gloves, etc.

In a fight, take your friend's part; at a feast, let him have it himself.

Precision in Business.

On a certain Saturday night the clerks of the Bank of England could not make the balance come out right by just one hundred pounds. This is a serious matter in that establishment—not the cash, but the discrepancy, however slight. An error in the balancing has been known to keep a delegation of clerks from each department at work sometimes through the whole night. A hue and cry, therefore, was made after this one hundred pounds, as if the old lady in Threadneedle street would be in the Gazette as an insolvent for the want of it. Luckily on the Sunday morning following, the clerk—feast a suspicion of the truth dart through his mind quicker than a lightning flash. He told the chief cashier, on Monday morning, that perhaps the mistake might have occurred in packing some boxes of specie for the West Indies, which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. Here was a race-lightning against steam, and steam with a start of forty-eight hours. Instantly the wires asked whether such a vessel had "left the harbor." "Just weighing anchor," was the reply. "Stop her," frantically shouted the telegraph. It was done. "Have up on deck certain boxes, marked so and so, and weigh them carefully." They were weighed; and one, the delinquent was found heavier by just one packet of a hundred sovereigns than it ought to be. "Let her go," says the mysterious telegraph. The West India folks were debited with just one hundred pounds more, and the error was corrected without looking into the boxes, or delaying the voyage an hour.

Many girls also blacken their teeth, but the substance with which they do it is not very durable, as I have seen a brush and a little powder make them white and glistening again in a few minutes.

The women also extract their eyelashes, paint their lips and cheeks with safflower (rouge), and use rice-powder extensively in their toilet.

Altogether, the Japanese men and women, if not strictly beautiful, have much that is agreeable, and certainly original.

The young of both sexes are remarkably pleasing—ruddy, laughing, and very graceful in their actions; but though a young girl be like an angel at fourteen, she will be worn out, old and ugly at twice that age.

AT CARGO PRICES.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
NOTE Payment is required in advance.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 heads. The prices realized from \$20 1/2 cts. to \$25. Cow cattle from \$15 to \$20 head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from \$2 1/2 cts. to \$3 1/2 cts. Hogs sold at from \$14.50 to \$15.00 per head.

(Established 1801.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN
Tea Company

Receive their Teas by the cargo from the best Tea districts of China and Japan, and sell them in quantities to suit customers.

CLUB ORDERS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 90c., 90c., best \$1. 40 lb.
MINTED Green and Black), 90c., 90c., best \$1. 40 lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 90c., 90c., best \$1. 40 lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 90c., 90c., \$1. 10, best \$1. 25
lb.
YUNNAN HYSON (Green), 90c., 90c., \$1. 10, best \$1. 25
lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., \$1. 10, best \$1. 25
lb.
GUNPOWDER, (Green), best \$1. 50 per lb.

COFFEE Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., best \$1. 40 per lb.
Hotels, Saloons, Boarding house keepers, and Females who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize by purchasing in bulk. We supply FRESH and DRIED COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Ground), 90c., 90c., best \$1. 25
lb.
GREEN (Ground), 90c., 90c., best \$1. 25
lb.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned, at our expense, within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

No. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

POST-OFFICE BOX NO. 3643 NEW YORK CITY.
JY 412



DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES' A. A. LIMA C°

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS for "Pineapple Tea," and the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above DR. GREGORY and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the best physicians, apothecaries, and by far the best of the best qualifications and greatest experience. His invention is commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have tested the LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their infirmities.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the New Rules for Amputations, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made closely to the model of the American Arm, the protection of which is given by the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed.

INDELIBLE PENCILS

For Marking Clothing, &c.,
Single, 50 cts.; for \$1. per doz.; \$2.75 per gross, \$28.
Sent, freight prepaid, on receipt of price.

Most convenient than ink.—American Agricultural.

"Invaluable for marking Linen."—Chicago Tribune.

"Invaluable to the housekeeper."—Godey's Lady's Book.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Diplomatic Jeer.

In later years Talleyrand loved wit better than conversation. Leaving his accomplished niece, the Duchesse de Dino, to entertain his other guests, he would retire with some of the foreign ambassadors, old friends and old foes, into his own room, and play a scientific rubber, the intricacies of which it was curious to watch, seeing that the talents which were employed to settle the divisions of Europe at the Congress of Vienna were now all concentrated on the odd trick.

The stakes were gold pieces; but they often reached the sum of thousands of francs. One evening at the termination of these parties, the English ambassador suddenly drew beneath the table and began fumbling on the carpet.

"What is your excellency about?" asked Talleyrand.

"Looking for a Napoleon which has fallen."

"Wait an instant," said Talleyrand, with a twinkle of his light gray eye, and a sarcastic twist of his thin and distorted lip, "you cannot see to find so small a thing."

As he spoke he twisted a thousand franc bill into a paper match, and, setting fire to it, held it to the ground.

"What are you about?" exclaimed the astonished ambassador, pausing on his hands and knees and looking up.

"Merely lighting your excellency," said Talleyrand.

Upon which the discomfited minister, understanding the epigram, instantly arose, leaving the Napoleon as a perquisite for the servant who should find it.

Fine Sentiment.

On a recent visit to Catskill, an artist was standing on the main highway, back of the village, contemplating a rare sunset. The heavens seemed flooded with golden and purple light, and field and mountain glittered with the reflected glories of the sky. Our artist stood mute with rapture, cheerfully noticing the changing and intermingling hues. Just then he perceived a person standing by his side, and turning to him, exclaimed, with enthusiasm—"What a magnificent picture you have here, my dear sir."

"Whereabouts?" was the very indifferent reply of the stranger.

"Look all around—the mountains, the heavens, the setting sun; what picture can surpass such a view?"

This was spoken with a spic of vexation and disappointment at the other's want of sympathy with the scene.

"Why, yes, I have often thought that if I—"

Our artist then began to feel that he had done injustice to the unimaginative gentleman, and turned towards him, in expectation of some fine sentiment inspired by the prospect.

"Why, yes, I have often thought that if I could only raise money enough to set up a cake and beer stand in this location, it wouldn't pay bad, because lots of folks travel along in this neighborhood."

A Lively Illustration.

Mr. "Miles O'Reilly" thus illustrated his views on keeping guard over a refractory woman.—We are avowedly, unalterably, and actively for Woman's Rights, as advocated by Mrs. Stanton's paper, the Revolution.

But very often the appearance of the paper reminds us of something said by the Lord Chief Baron of Ireland, in some preliminary stage of a divorce suit which we attended nearly twenty years ago in the Four Courts of Dublin. Counsel for the defense set up a plea, that, even if the facts were as charged, the husband had been culpably negligent, and was entitled to no relief. "Why did he not watch her more closely? Why did he not take better care that no temptation should be thrown in her way?" "On this point," said the young counsel, "I am ready to go to the jury, if your Lordship pleases." Counsel for the plaintiff naturally objected that no such plea could be admitted; and his objection was sustained by the Chief Baron in a brief, technical opinion, which became untenable towards its close, as follows: "And besides all these legal points, I may remark that the suggestion of the counsel for defense is ludicrous—absolutely ludicrous, sir. Sir, a man might as easily and sensibly stand guard over a bushel of live fleas in an open basket, as attempt to guard a woman who desires to do wrong."

Something of a Climate.

Dan Marble was once strutting along the wharves in Boston, when he met a tall, gaunt-looking figure, a "digger" from California, and got into conversation with him.

"Healthy climate, I suppose?"

"Healthy! it ain't anything else. Why, stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and that too without travellin' more than fifteen minutes. Just think o' that the next cold mornin' when you get out o' bed. There's a mountain there, the Sary Navady they call it, with a valley on each side of it, one hot and one cold. Well, get on the top of that mountain with a double-barreled gun, and you can without movin', kill either summer or winter game, jes' as you wish!"

"What! have you ever tried it?"

"Tried it! often; and should have done pretty well, but for one thing."

"Well, what was that?"

"I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had froze his tail off while pintin' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see—true as you live."

Marble stopped.

What He Thought It Was.

A passenger by a night train on the Hudson River Railroad tells the following: The train was detained at Greenbush for a little while, and, while waiting, a cattle train came on the other track and stopped. Such a noise has seldom been heard; the cattle bellowed, the sheep set up a bleating, and the hogs grunted, until the passengers were nearly crazed. One old fellow had slept for hours, but this noise awoke him. Rubbing his eyes, he listened in amazement. "Good heaven!" says he, "what's this?" Peering into the darkness without discerning anything, and listening more critically, he at last satisfied himself, and set the passengers roaring by the exclamation, "Why, this must be a political convention."

Mr. Short says the only thing he can pay these times is his addresses to the ladies; and these he never allows to get overdue.



A GOOD CUTTING REASON.

ALICE.—"Angela, what have I done to offend you? You have avoided me the whole evening."

ANGELA.—"I'm not offended, but your dress perfectly kills mine, and I really can't be seen with you."

Military Orders.

Some ludicrous mistakes are made by those who, without much knowledge of the subject, attempt to give military commands. As to us remember a newly-appointed cadet-officer, who (it was in the days of Casey), by substituting "by the left flank" for "by file left," marched half his squad over the balusters of the staircase, near the secretary, the rest headlong down the stairs toward the washroom. In such cases, boys always obey implicitly. There are some other instances still more remarkable on record. A captain in the late war, fresh from civil life, disembarked his company from a steamboat by the following original command: "Gentlemen, select your parents, get into two, and march endways as you did yesterday!" Nearly as bad was the Kentucky colonel of cavalry, who ordered: "Prepare far to git onto your critters, Git!" The Wool Guards, of Troy, once encountered, on the march through that city, a town-pump. Their captain, desirous of passing the obstacle in the most approved style, shouted out, in a rich brogue: "Wool Guards, split the pump!" He subsequently aligned them as follows: "Advance one pace backward, and driss by the guthter."

Taking the Starch Out.

A pompous, well-dressed individual entered a bank in Boston, and addressing the teller, who is somewhat of a wag, inquired—

"Is the cashier in?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well; I will wait."

The pen peddler took a chair and sat composedly for a full hour, waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but sat composedly twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes, and seeing no prospect of a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon the cashier would be in.

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks."

"He has just gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should come back in that time."

Peddler thought he would not wait.

"Oh, you may stay if you wish," said the teller, very blandly. "We have no objection to your sitting here in the day-time, and you can probably find some place in town where they will be glad to keep you nights."

The pompous peddler disappeared without another word.

A Snake Story.

One morning, recently, some workmen, passing along the San Jose Railroad, some distance out of town, came upon a milk snake about three feet long, which had been killed by a hand-car passing over and crushing his head. They took it up and examined it, being sure that the reptile must have been sick or gorged, before he would have allowed a hand-car to take such a liberty with him. While they were handling it they saw a peculiar something protruding from the mouth, and looking closer, discovered that it was the tail and rattles of a rattlesnake, the major portion of whose body was evidently inside the milk snake. They drew out two or three inches of the rattlesnake, to make sure that he was all there, and then presented their prize to Sneath, who brought it into town and placed it in the new Merchant's Exchange, where it attracted much attention throughout the day.

The milk snake is a harmless reptile, and in consideration of the fact that he has an antipathy to rattlesnakes, perhaps it is not going too far to say that his mission is a benevolent one. He will attack the rattler, and being more nimble than his antagonist, seizes him by the head, and then winds his coil around him, tightening them in a methodical manner, until he has squeezed the life out of his enemy. He then proceeds to inter the corpse in a manner not altogether unknown to certain tribes of the human family, though the latter do not generally proceed upon so grand a scale as their sausy imitators. Having disposed of the rattlesnake, which is about two feet long and has seven rattles, he, of course, was gorged, and subsided into a torpid state, in which condition he would have remained until he had digested his dinner, had not the hand-car deranged the action of his assimilative organs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

STORY OF A LIFE.

Born at night; dressed in white—Christened early. Slight and fair—Smooth brown hair, light and curly.

Grew space—form and face Full of beauty. Grateful child, Sweet and mild, loving duty.

Sweet sixteen! Fairy Queen, Bright and blushing! Hopes and fears, Idle tears free out-gushing.

Wedding night! dressed in white—Summers twenty! charming bride—Far and wide friends are plenty.

Hearts of joy! first-born boy Hails the dawning! Mother sleeps—Angel keeps watch till morning.

Stately dame! spotless name—Best of mothers! children rare, Brave and fair; like no others.

Three-score and ten! Ah! my pen Sadly lingers. Wrinkles deep—Icy creep death's cold fingers.

Burial night! all dressed in white, Sweet peace be given. Blest is she, Spirit free—gone to Heaven!

EA Clerical gentleman, to exemplify the flight of his years, told a friend the other day that he had just seen the first child he baptised, and that she was now a woman grown. "That made you groan too, I suppose," remarked a listener.

AGRICULTURAL.

Something About Good Butter.

It would open the eyes of careless butter makers to step into a commission store to see how much more the best qualities of butter bring than the streaky, salty, milky hedge podge that comes out of the tub of the country merchant, to whom all butter is alike and has the same price. The pots of choice, sweet, clean butter, free from every trace of milk and redolent of country richness, will at any time of the year bring from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. more than the other, and the market is never glutted with it. To make such butter the cow must have good feed, the dairy vessels (of tin) must be washed with boiling water and thoroughly dried before receiving the milk, cleanly care must be used in milking, the dairy must have fresh, pure air, and the butter must have pure, clean salt (Ashton's is the best) and thorough working. It is the old story of a large reward for a little constant, watchful painstaking.

An Ancient Reaper.

Pliny, the Roman Naturalist, who died A. D. 79, thus describes an ancient reaping machine:—"As touching the manner of cutting dounre or reaping corn, there be diverse and sundry devises. In Fraunce where the fields be large, they use to set a jade or an asse unto the tail of a mighty great wheelbarrow or carte, made in manner of a van, and the same set with keene and trechant teeth sticking out on both sides; now is this carte driven forward before the said beast, upon two wheeles, into the standing corn (contrary to the manner of other carts that are drawn after) the said teeth or sharp tines fastened to the sides of the wheelbarrow or carte aforesaid, catch hold of the corn ears and cut them off; yet so as they fall presently into the bodie of the wheelbarrow."

Keeping Vegetables.

Sink a barrel two-thirds of its depth into the ground (a box or cask will answer a better purpose), heap the earth around the part projecting out of the ground, with a slope on all sides; place the vegetables that you desire to keep in the vessel; cover the top with a water tight cover; and when winter sets in, throw an armful of straw, hay, or something of that sort, on the barrel. If the bottom is out of the cask or barrel, it will be better. Cabbages, celery, and other vegetables, will keep in this way as fresh as when taken from the ground. The celery should stand nearly perpendicular, celery and earth alternating. Freedom from frost, ease of access, and especially freshness, and freedom from rot, are the advantages claimed. —*G. S. G., Journal of Horticulture.*

The Last Milk from the Udder.

Dr. Anderson says he has found by practical analysis, in one instance, that the last cup of milk drawn from the cow's udder contained sixteen times as much cream as the first one. This separation of cream from milk takes place in part in the udder of the cow, particularly if the cow is suffered to stand at rest for some time previous to milking. If there are people who doubt that there is a difference in richness of milk first drawn from cows and that of the last drawn, their doubts will be speedily removed by milking a half a dozen cows and setting the first half drawn from each cow separate from the last half.

RECEIPTS.

POTATO DUMPLINGS are made thus: Peel some potatoes and grate them into a basin of water; let the pulp remain in the water for a couple of hours, drain it off, and mix with it half its weight of flour; season with pepper, salt, chopped onions, and sweet herbs. If not moist enough, add a little water. Roll into dumplings the size of a large apple, sprinkle them well with flour, and throw them into boiling water. When you observe them rising to the top of the saucepan, they will be boiled enough.

MARBLE CAKE.—*The White Cake.*—Whites of seven eggs, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar, three cups of flour. Bake two hours in a slow oven.

ETHE DARK CAKE.—The yolks of seven eggs, one cup of molasses, two cups of brown sugar, half a cup of butter, spice to taste, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two cups of cream of tartar, five cups of flour.

This makes two good-sized cakes by putting in first a spoonful of white and then a spoonful of black, and the next layer alternate.

RICE WAFFLES.—To six spoonfuls of soft boiled rice, add two tea-cups of water or milk, and some salt; stir in three tea-cups of ground rice, and bake as other waffles.

GREEN FOX-GRAPE JELLY.—Boil in enough water to keep them from burning, and until the skins burst; strain them, and put a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, and let it boil half an hour.

Ripe grapes made in the same way.

THE RIDDLE.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 63 letters.

My 27, 2, 41, 2, 7, 3, 2, 26, was one of the Roman Emperors.

My 1, 33, 12, 38, 17, was chosen by God to deliver the Hebrews from that bondage under which they were held by Jabel.

My 1, 50, 39, 16, 27, 1, 50, 48, was a disciple of Jesus Christ.

My 1, 9, 39, 15, 50, 40, is a Scriptural name which signifies wicked, worthless men.

My 61, 27, 47, 6, 19, 45, was a famous city in the Mountains of Gilead.

My 57, 55, 1, 54, 17, 27, 45, was the wife of Isaac.

My 57, 25, 55, 29, 52, 33, 63, 60, 21, 53, is the name given to a canonical book of the New Testament.

My 47, 50, 58, 23, 59, 11, 26, was appointed one of the twelve Apostles.

My 22, 18, 62, 28, 2, 7, succeeded Felix in the government of Judea, A. D. 60.

My 53, 46, 41, 20, 31, 24, 50, 4, 17, is one of the unclean birds spoken of in the Levitical Constitution.

My 49, 44, 27, 10, 56, 53, is the place of the more immediate residence of the Most High.

My 5, 27, 43, 35, 51, 27, 49, was one of the sons of Cush.

My 32, 42, 31, 34, 35, 31, 9, 62, were the descendants of Heth.

My 37, 9, 14, 8, 13, was the second son of Antipater, the Idumean, born B. C. 17.

My whole was part of the conversation our Saviour had with the woman of Samaria at "Jacob's Well."

D. ST. C. WINELAND.

Pittsburg, Pa.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Mustang Match Against Time.

It has long been asserted by competent horsemen that the common Mexican or California horse, or, as he is commonly designated, "Mustang," is the most enduring animal in the world, and that his speed, if fairly put to the test, would astonish the advocates of "blooded stock," high feeding, and fancy training. The English and Americans from the older states, who have been brought up to use the infamous pig-skin saddles, double reins, martingales, short stirrups, and whips, always stoutly assert, in spite of the evidence of their own eyes, that the Spanish-American riding, with Spanish bit, comparatively heavy saddle, and long stirrup, sitting at ease and perfectly erect, with the legs straightened out at full length, as if they were walking, and mounted on under-sized horses of Arabian or Moorish descent, could not accomplish the distance, nor ride with so little fatigue as the Englishman, mounted on his high-backed, bob-tailed bay, with a little bit of pig-skin under him, a snaffle-bit in his horse's mouth, on which he pulls with both hands, and his main strength, all the time forcing his horse's neck out of its natural position and thereby impeding his respiration, while he himself bubbles up and down like a demented pump-handle, rising and falling with every movement of the horse.

In old times, the young men of Los Angeles were compelled to go to Santa Barbara for their licenses to marry. The distance was sixty-five miles by mountain trails and along the sea shore, taking the shortest cut they could make; and yet the young caballeros made it a point of honor always to ride there and back within the twenty-four hours preceding their marriage, making the entire distance of 130 miles, the toughest kind of riding in a hot, dry climate, with a single horse. They would leave Los Angeles after dinner, riding at a gallop all the way, and reaching Santa Barbara before midnight, take a sleep until morning, get the license and ride back in the blazing sun, arriving in season for the celebration of the nuptials in the afternoon, then dance all night at the grand ball given in honor of the auspicious event. An Englishman who heard this statement remarked instantly, "How well, that's all very well for Hamerica, but an Hinglishman would a done it in 'al' the time!" What more could be said?

Now it is known that the greatest feat of horsemanship ever accomplished in England was that of Mr. Osbaliston, who rode 200 miles in 8 hours and 42 minutes, and was a small man, riding large and powerful horses. No other Englishman has ever equalled this feat.

In May, 1858, Jack Powers rode 150 miles in 6 hours and 43 minutes and 34 seconds, riding California stock; and subsequently Tom McNab rode 200 miles in 10 hours. About a month since, in San Francisco, a party of horsemen were discussing the question of the comparative merits of imported blood-stock and the common California mustangs, and the different styles of riding, when Edward Whipple offered to bet \$2,500 against \$5,000 that no man could be found to ride 300 miles in 15 consecutive hours. He was at once taken up by Louis Burns and John Cahill, who named N. H. Mowery as the man to ride. The match was all agreed upon on the spot, and since then there has been constant betting going on as to the result. It will be seen that the rider must average a mile every three minutes for fifteen consecutive hours, allowing nothing for loss of time in changing horses at every second, third or fourth mile, accidents, nor unaccountable delays. The general feeling was that he could never succeed, and in the betting the odds were decidedly against him. Sunday, August 2d, was fixed on for this race against time.

The race took place at Bay View Park, a few miles north of the city, over a mile track. The animals, thirty in number, selected by Mr. Mowery, were the common California mustangs and half-breeds, none of them full-sized, but all full of the indomitable pluck and life which belongs to the descendants of the gallant steeds which were ridden into Spain by the fiery followers of Musa and Taric, when at the bidding of the Commander of the Faithful the conquerors of Africa poured into Europe, there to spread the knowledge of the true God and the law of the Koran. Mr. Mowery is an old Californian, apparently of about the middle age, weighs 160 pounds, and rode with a heavy Mexican California saddle, Spanish bit, and free rein.

At 4.40 o'clock he sprang into the saddle and rode the first horse four times around the track—that is to say four miles—at a dead run. Attendants stood ready—at the stand to saddle and bring out the fresh horses as he beckoned for them in coming around; and he changed animals rapidly, riding none of them three miles after the first, and few of them more than two. The Mexican dodge of "rushing" was constantly resorted to. An attendant would ride one-fourth or one-third of the way down the track to meet him as he came in; then, wheeling his horse, ride back behind him yelling, "camos! camos! whoop-ah camos!" and swinging his hat as if frantic. This would start the flagging animal into redoubled exertions, and he would come in fairly flying. A single sharp pull on the Spanish bit would stop the animal in a second, and in two or three more the rider would be on a fresh animal and off again. Sometimes the mile or two miles would be ridden out way around the track, sometimes the other, in order to relieve the rider by changes as far as practicable. Early in the morning the race-track was crowded with people, and before 2 P. M. the jam was immense. Up to 12 M. the rider refused all assistance in mounting and remounting; but after that his attendants would occasionally give him a lift, apparently not so much because he required it as for fear that he might do so before the race was over. At the end of two hundred miles a rest was taken, and a placard was displayed from the judges' stand that the two hundred miles had been accomplished in eight hours, two minutes and forty-eight seconds—thus beating by forty minutes the time made by Mr. Osbaliston, with race horses, in England. Then the start was made on the third hundred miles, Mr. Mowery having had a bath and otherwise refreshed himself, and appearing good for two hundred more, if required. The bets now changed, and large odds were offered on his winning, with but few takers, and those of the obstinate English bob-tail and pig-skin school. He now made a mile in 2.08, and the average speed was 2.30 throughout. There was a very heavy wind blowing across the track at this time, and the average speed must have been considerably unfavorably affected by this fact, nevertheless he "kept up his lick."

Domestic.

In a private letter from Berne, Switzerland, a gentleman, speaking of the "Penitentiary," in which he and his family are established, writes:—"The first time we sat at table, the servant, a tall, comely Swiss lassie, spilled our milk while putting it upon the table. The second time she spilled it over my coat. The poor girl was, of course, covered with confusion. Our English friend explained her awkwardness by telling us that she was not a servant, but an heiress, who, according to the custom of the country, was serving a sort of apprenticeship to the cook in order to qualify herself to provide for her own household one of these days." A similar custom, followed for a moderate length of time, might not be amiss for some of our young girls.

ONE "J. H. Crossman" publishes in an English journal a piece of information worth knowing. He says that the mosquitoes at Montone, where he passed last October, were remarkably vigilant and blood-thirsty, and that neither curtain nor lotion had any perceptible effect in damping their appetites. But one day, by accident, Mrs. Crossman gathered in the course of her morning's walk a branch of wild rosemary, and placed it in her bed-room. From that time forward no single mosquito ventured into the room; and during the remainder of their stay at Montone, Mr. and Mrs. Crossman slumbered unbitten and undisturbed under the protecting shade of the wild rosemary branch.

A dominie, examining his scholars on the Bible lesson, asked a young urchin the question, "Who was Jessie?" Without hesitation the boy answered, "The flower of Dunblane, sir."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE.—No doubt you have heard of the great chandelier falling from the ceiling of the Chinese saloon at Fontainebleau, and almost ending the lives of Emperor and Empress. It was a very serious matter, and of course might have been much more serious than it was. The place was a favorite resort of the Imperial pair—a quiet place of retirement—a celestial world, guarded by grim dragons—and here on the morning of the accident had they been closeted, writing letters with ink out of the marvellous Chinese inkstand now ground to powder; they had only reached the threshold when the monster chandelier fell with a tremendous crash, smashed the table, pulverized the inkstand, and half buried itself in the floor. The Emperor did not faint, but it is said he has been more serious ever since, and more fully bent on making pilgrimage to the Holy City. The accident, of course, excited a good deal of attention here, and all sorts of wild rumors were abroad about covert treason and the rest of it. Experts had been sent for to examine the wood by which the chandelier was suspended, but they could make nothing of it; and the only moral seems to be, Do not, if you can possibly avoid it, sit under a chandelier.

SALE OF AMERICAN HAY.—LONDON, Aug. 27.—The steamship Nebraska, which arrived at Liverpool a few days since, brought a large quantity of hay shipped from New York, to be sold in this market. It was accordingly put up at auction in Liverpool yesterday, and the whole lot sold at 90s. to 100s. per ton. English hay of no better quality readily brings nearly, if not quite,

—A Colonel Campbell from Charleston, S. C., yesterday laid before the President an address from the Charlestonians, asking the President to send troops to protect them from threatened riots.

—Colonel J. B. Ihrie, Paymaster United States Army, has arrived in Washington from the Plains. He gives a fearful account of the atrocities being committed by the Indians, more than confirming all the telegraphic reports.

THE RINDERPEST.—At a meeting of the Ohio Valley, that settling the country, clearing, and ditching the land, constantly makes it drier; that old wells and springs are drying up, and, each succeeding summer, branches run dry which never did before. The French Agricultural Report makes the same complaint, and calls upon the Government to stop the destruction of the forests, as the means of preserving the rivers. But here, with settlement, exactly the reverse phenomena are presented, and the quantity of rain in western Nebraska and Kansas has doubled within the memory of man. Perhaps this is due somewhat to the trees planted on new farms, but I think also that the breaking up of the sod allows it to absorb more moisture than it could in the prairie state, and in many instances turning a hundred acres of sod will renew an old spring. Fresh streams are starting in gullies which have been dry for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years. Thus "springs break out in the thirsty wilderness, and streams of water in the dry ground!" Here is an important principle at work, which will enable agriculture to make great advances on what is now the American desert. Akin to these are the facts of heavy rains this summer in Colorado and California, where the rule of dry summers seems to have been invariable heretofore. Who shall divine the law of such revolutions?

Climatic Curiosities.

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A Border Editor.

The editor of the Owyhee Avalanche, by way of describing his agreeable vocation, as conductor of a frontier paper, makes the following interesting reflections:

"Oh, the felicity of editing a paper! Charming, agreeable, in a horn! Fascinating, attractive occupation, but so difficult to appreciate. How nicely and smoothly one gets along without an 'unpleasantness'! For instance, in a recent issue we referred directly to a ruffian known as Captain Preston, and incidentally to a guerrilla named Al. Cage. We did this in justice to ourselves and community at large. The other day, while quietly seated in our sanctum, taxing our brain for more copy, 'in response to the everlasting cry of the devil,' the two above-named villains, one of them armed with a hatchet, and the other with a bowie-knife of large dimensions, made a violent attack upon our person. The only alternative was to fight or die. We accordingly seized a large knife, about two feet long, used for cutting paper, and bled our assailants pretty freely. They sued for mercy, we spared their worthless lives and told them to dust, and they got up and dusted. We would take this occasion to state that if ever they or any one else attack us with the intention of doing us bodily harm, we will shoot them dead in their tracks or cut their throats from ear to ear."

Domestic.

—A pettifogging lawyer and manager in a new settlement in Wisconsin gave a missionary of the Sunday-School Union the following account of a Sunday-school:—"I organized the first Sunday-school in this county, and ran it myself one season. We came in here early, all Americans. We wanted to draw in decent, industrious families, and to keep out all foreigners and rowdies. So I said: 'A Sunday-school will attract the folks we want, and keep others out. It will be the best and cheapest way to blow for the settlement.' There was but one of us that pretended to have one grain of piety; so they pitched me to carry out the plan. I did so, and sent to your society a library, and ran the school all summer. It did the blowing for us splendidly. Before summer was ended, some Christian families came in; and as they had a better stock of piety, I gave over the Sunday-school to their hands. It was a grand thing for us. There wasn't a foreigner of any sort that ever stayed in the settlement more than one night. We secured a good American and moral settlement. In fact, it got to be so pious that I couldn't live there myself."

—In Venezuela, when a young man asks for the hand of a young girl, the father gives the supplicant a very hard stone to pierce. It usually takes about three years to pierce the stone, and then the father grants the young man's request and hands over his daughter.

—A correspondent, in describing a recent grand dress ball, says of a lady, that "she looked sweetly in a plain white muslin dress tucked up to the waist."

—A Bridget applied to the family of a citizen up town, yesterday, with her clothes dripping like a water-spout. On being interrogated as to her condition, she said she understood the lady of the house wanted a wet nurse, and she had come ready for service.

—Ira Wells, of North Thetford, Vt., who went hunting in Ascutney Mountain on Tuesday, was discovered on Friday with his arm caught in the cleft of a tree, and the whole lower part of his body devoured. A number of huge bear track about the spot explained his horrible fate.

—**THE UNDIVIDED CHURCH.**—Take a mass of quicksilver, let it fall to the floor, and it will split itself into a vast number of distinct globules. Gather them up, and put them together again, and they will coalesce into one body as before. Thus God's elect below are sometimes crumbled and distinguished into various parties, though they are in fact members in one and the same mystic body. But when taken up from the world and put together in Heaven, they will constitute one glorious undivided church forever and ever.

—A dominie, examining his scholars on the Bible lesson, asked a young urchin the question, "Who was Jessie?" Without hesitation the boy answered, "The flower of Dunblane, sir."

Put to the Proof.

The first conspirators of the reign of the Czar Nicholas, Pestel, Mouravieff Apostol, and the poet Relleif, were condemned to be hung. The Emperor signed the decree after the Russian formula: "Byt piemam" (So be it). They were then conducted to the place of execution, Relleif, a poet of the highest order, was the first one led to the scaffold. Just at that moment when the executioner, having passed the slip-knot over his head, had pushed him from the ladder to launch him into eternity, the too weak cord broke, and he fell forward bruised and bleeding.

"They know not how to do anything in Russia," said he, raising himself without even turning pale, "not even to twist a rope."

As accidents of this kind, besides being very rare, were always considered occasions of pardon, they sent, therefore, to the Winter Palace to know the will of the Emperor.

"Ah! the cord has broken!" said Nicholas.

"Yes, sire."

"Then he was almost dead? What impression has such close contact with eternity produced on the mind of the rebel?"

"He is a brave man, sire."

The Czar frowned.

"What did he say?" asked he severely.

"Sire, he said, 'They know not how even to twist a rope in Russia.'"

"Well," replied Nicholas, "let them prove to him the contrary." And he went out.

—Colonel J. B. Ihrie, Paymaster United States Army, has arrived in Washington from the Plains. He gives a fearful account of the atrocities being committed by the Indians, more than confirming all the telegraphic reports.

—**Discovery of Extensive Ruins in Arizona.**

A party of the surveyors in Arizona, engaged in exploring the country for railroad routes, lately came upon some very extensive ruins on the banks of the Little Colorado river. They extend along the river for many miles. Some of the walls of buildings are yet in their places, and stand six or eight feet high. The streets may be traced for miles. The old irrigating canals and ditches are yet in a fair state of preservation, and may be traced for miles also. The ground is strewn with broken crockery-ware. The party found some nearly whole vessels of curious form. The ware seems to be of a different quality, and finer than that found at most of the ruins in Arizona. Many of the walls of the buildings were built of hewn stone, and put up in a workmanlike manner. To all appearance here once stood a city of many thousand inhabitants. Who were they or to what tribes they belonged, there is no record left to show. On the east bank are the ruins of a large structure or castle, covering several acres of land; some of the walls are yet standing to the height of twenty or thirty feet.

—**The Rinderpest.**—At a meeting of the New York Board of Health on the 27th, a report was made favoring a thirty days' quarantine for cattle, at all the stock yards throughout New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. No new cases of the disease are reported.

—**DELAWARE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.**—At the recent Democratic State Convention in Delaware, the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the elective franchise is a political privilege and not a natural right, and is to be granted or withheld by the several states to their respective inhabitants, as in the free, sound judgment and discretion of each state, shall be deemed best for the public interest and welfare.

—**THE SPIRITUALISTS' CONVENTION.**—The attendance at the Spiritualists' Convention at Rochester is large. A committee on the organization of a Children's Lyceum in Ohio were road, and Mrs. Wheeler, of Ohio, addressed the Convention while in a trance.

—The Central Pacific Railroad is finished two hundred and sixty-eight miles east of the Sacramento river. Six miles of the track were laid in August 19. The company promise to lay seven miles a day, if necessary, to outstrip the Union Pacific, and reach Salt Lake first.

—The Chinese understood the science of making paper money pass current, for during the Ming dynasty the government notes bore this endorsement: "At the petition of the treasury board it is ordained that paper money thus marked with the imperial seal of the Ming, shall have currency, and be used in all respects as if it were copper money. Whoever disobeys will have his head cut off."

—Victor Hugo writes all his manuscripts with a very soft lead pencil, which he often forgets to sharpen, so that the letters assume a gigantic size, and eight or ten lines cover nearly a whole sheet of paper. Perhaps no other eminent contemporary author complies so conscientiously with the sensible advice which Horace gives to poets and authors. Victor Hugo corrects his manuscripts again and again, until the work often undergoes a complete change. Some of his most celebrated poems he re-wrote so often that his son, Charles, intends to publish, after his father's death, an edition of the poems of Victor Hugo, with the stanzas which his father rejected. These stanzas, it is said, will form a volume of great beauty and value. Sometimes Victor Hugo works very rapidly; thus, for instance, he completed the last part of *Les Misérables* in a week. The *Tolders of the Sea* was written in six months. Some of his best poems were written on the spur of the moment.

—**PLANCHETTE.**—The Fat Contributor says:—A skeptical friend, who don't believe in Planchette, was in to see us the other night, and we told him of her wonderful exploits. "She answers all sorts of things, does she?" said he. "She doth." "There is one thing she can't answer," said he. "What is that?" "She can't answer the door-bell!"

—There is a Roman Catholic tradition that he who shall sit in St. Peter's chair for twenty-six years, is the last of the Popes in Rome. In his time the Church is to protest against infidelity. There will then be a reaction in favor of a pantheistic expression of natural religion. The Church will be persecuted and purified: Deism and Catholicism will divide the world, and Catholicism will triumph. Then comes the end. So runs the Roman Catholic tradition.

—Some of the Italian journals state that Father Sechi, the constructor of the great astronomical clock so much remarked at the universal exhibition of 1867, has discovered a motive power lighter, stronger, and more economical than steam. They add that the learned Italian is reported to have laid his invention before the Court of Portugal, which is disposed to purchase it.

—Everybody is very much relieved that pretty Patti is married at last!

THE MARKETS.

—**FIRE-R.**—The receipts and stocks continue light. Sales compare with last year, but are 37s. less for superfine \$4.50, 32s. for extra \$3.50, 11s. 11s. for north-western family, the former rate for old stock; \$11.50 to \$12.50 for Minnesota family; \$10s. 12s. for Penn family; \$16s. 12s. 10s. for Ohio family, and \$18s. 11s. 9s. for fancy brands. The final sales at 2s. 10s. per bottle.

—**GRAIN.**—The wheat market has been moderately active, 100 bushels of Penn, Western and Southern sold at \$1.30 to \$1.35 for damp; \$2.20s. 4s. 3s. for common to \$2.30s. 4s. 3s. for good to prime; and \$2.40s. 4s. 3s. for choice. The wheat market is still in a dead-pan. The price of wheat is \$1.30 to \$1.35 for damp; \$2.20s. 4s. 3s. for common to \$2.30s. 4s. 3s. for good to prime; and \$2.40s. 4s. 3s. for choice. The price of wheat is \$1.30 to \$1.35 for damp; \$2.20s. 4s. 3s. for common to \$2.30s. 4s. 3s. for good to prime; and \$2.40s. 4s. 3s. for choice.

—**PICKLED BEANS.**—Shoemakers 12s. 10s. 10s. Lard—Sales of 5

AFTER THE BATH.

BY MILES O'REILLY.

Her skin is moist, and cold, and pink,
But warm and red the lips I press,
And all her beauty seems to shrink
Compact in her clinging dress;
While o'er shoulders to the hip,
O'er swelling bust and far adown,
In trailing gold the tresses drip
Which form at night her braided crown.

No more her eyes in languor swim,
But kindle with coquettish strife,
And every pulse in every limb
Seems throbbing into radiant life;
Her cheek hath caught a ruddier stain,
And her small feet in sand that sink
Are marble white, with many a vein
Down to the almond-nails of pink.

Her teeth are white as the flashing surf,
Her eyes are blue as the bay in calm,
And her breath to the new-mown clover-turf
Is a rival in its fragrant balm;
O! happy sea that has held her form;
O! happy sands by her white feet pressed—
With her beauty the whole bright scene is
warm,

Her beauty of gesture, and face, and
breast!

Proudly she stands in her scarlet dress,
And my eyes give a quiver and then grow
dim

As I gaze on her infinite loveliness
Of delicate color and rounded limb;

And the bright blue bay with its flitting
sail,

And the silver sands, and the rocks of
brown,

And the woods that are dark on the distant
hills,

And the broad green meadows that slope
down:

All seem but a frame for my lady bright,
A frame not worthy her matchless grace—
Her lips of red, and her eyes of light,
And the wonderful charm of her winsome
face;

O, here let me lie and die at her feet:

Let my soul in its sighs for her pass away,
For my life hath its climax, and death were
sweet

With her eyes gazing down on me here
to-day!

My senses swoon into blissful trance
As her small, cool fingers touch my palm,
And through all of my veins the currents
dance

As I feel on my cheek her breath of balm;

All the springs of my life are in her control,
For though faces more perfect I know full
well—

In rich, womanly beauty of body and soul
There are none to compare with my sea-
side belle.

The brown rocks glow as she bounds along,
And the black reeds thrill in the silver
spray,

And the birds in the blue sing a gladder
song

As my lady walks by the shining bay;

The waves that have shrined her glowing
form

Have been humanized by the saintly
touch,

And will spare for her sake in the next
great storm

Some proud ship from their clutch.

The Story of an Old Chess-Board.

"Check-mate."

"The third game I've lost this evening; I declare I won't play any more with you till I'm a better hand at it."

The speaker, a lad about sixteen, gave an impatient sweep with his hand over the board, and got up from his seat.

"My dear boy," said the other player, "if you play constantly with me you will at last learn to beat me. But come, let us have our coffee, which has been enticing us to drink it for these five minutes."

They sat down at a little table beside the blazing fire, for the night was bitterly cold, and under the joint influence of warmth, some excellent coffee, and his companion's genial talk, the youth soon recovered him self.

"I wish I could stand a beating better," he said, "I never can lose at chess, or any other game, without feeling savage."

"I used to write in my copy book, long ago, 'Bear defeat with equanimity,' and very good advice it is," said the gentleman. "To suffer losses patiently, and with good humor, is as good, if not better than gaining a victory."

"It's capital in theory, but, for all that, I don't like losing every game, as I've done."

"Come, now, which will you do, Harry: play another game, or listen to the story of a man who once was well beaten at chess, and not only 'bore defeat with equanimity' (and he was a first rate player), but was quite contented to be beaten? The game or the story—which will you have?"

"Oh, the story, please."

After a few minutes' reflection, the gentleman began:

At the beginning of this century, lived a curate, with his wife and seven children, in a small village in Derbyshire. In those days, as I dare say you have heard, curates were far worse paid than they are now. Fifty pounds a year, to which a few scholars added a little more, was all our curate had to keep his family with. You may imagine the ceaseless struggle it was for life; but, at least, they were happy—happy in the thought that it was God's will, and, blessed with good health, "doctor's stuff" was little known among them. The village apothecary often laughingly said, "It wasn't at all fair; the curate was always giving him good advice, but did not apply it to him for any in return."

At length the doctor's services were required in sad earnest; the youngest child caught a fever, which was quickly taken by two of the others. The first died, but they were hardly out of danger before their mother, worn out by anxiety and nursing, was stricken down. This was a terrible blow to our poor curate; against every other misfortune he had borne up with Christian fortitude, but now the fear that perhaps his wife would die took hold of his mind, and almost overwhelmed him; and, indeed, he had good ground for fear, for her life was in great danger.

At this trying time his eldest daughter, Jenny, was her father's support and comfort, and bravely helped him to cheer the others. She was one of those who, whatever they

put their hand to, do it with their might. The wife was spared, but it was many weeks before she left her room, and now poverty pressed on them more heavily than ever. The neighbors were very kind, and helped their pastor as much as they were able; but as all were poor—they could do but little. The curate had borrowed small sums, much against his will, to provide the comforts so essential for the invalids, and these little debts weighed upon his mind, and added to his distress.

One morning the curate remained in his little study longer than usual after dismissing his few scholars. He was evidently making up his mind to something that was distasteful to him. When he came into the kitchen, which served also for their general living room, he found his two eldest daughters busy preparing their scanty mid-day meal; their mother was still confined to her room.

"Here you are at last, father," said Jenny; "dinner is almost ready."

"I am glad of that, my dear, for I want to get it over quickly, and be off."

"Off! where to, father?" Jenny paused in her occupation over the fire, and looked at him with surprise in her large blue eyes. She was a sweet-looking, fair-haired girl of seventeen.

"To Swaledale, to see a friend."

His look and manner appeared to her to be more cheerful and hopeful than it had been for some time past.

"Are you going to sleep there, father?"

"Bless me! no, my dear. I hope to be home again by eight o'clock."

"But, father, you cannot walk there and back," said the younger of the two girls; "it must be nearly eighteen miles."

"I must take my chance of a friendly lift; and, if I don't get one, why, I hope I'm not past my twenty miles a-day, my dear."

"I think there is a storm coming," said Jenny.

"I think my visit may be of service to us, so I hope not," said her father.

The girls said no more in opposition, but went on with their preparations for dinner.

"Jenny, I shall take the chess-board and men with me to Swaledale; I may find some one there who will give me a small sum for them. I do not like parting with such old friends; but poverty often parts the best friends, as surely as misery makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows; so pack them up, my dear."

Jenny could scarcely keep back her tears. She knew the sacrifice her father would make in parting with the old chess-board, for a game of chess was one of his keenest enjoyments. "Poor old thing," she said, with a little laugh, which helped her to hide what she really felt; "I shall be quite sorry to lose it, and I don't think it's worth much to see, father, is it?"

As he spoke, one of the younger children ran into the room, holding up a scrap of paper.

"Papa, this fell from what Jenny found in the chess-board."

On the paper was written, in pencil:—

DEAR AND REVEREND SIR—I beg you will not hesitate to use these for your present necessity; by doing so you will greatly oblige one who esteems himself fortunate in having made your acquaintance.

The curate handed the paper and the notes to his wife, without speaking. She read, and then looked anxiously in his face.

"It is the gift of Providence," she said; "you will do as he says!"

Her husband made no answer; he could not speak—he heart was full of thankfulness; but he sat down and covered his face with his hand.

The younger children were at a loss to understand what had happened; but, just as they had made up their minds to cry, the curate spoke, his voice shaking with emotion.

"I will, my darling, thankfully use this benificent gift; and may the same Providence who has sent it enable me one day to repay our benefactor. Truly says the Psalmist, 'Yet help he the poor out of misery, and maketh him households like a flock of sheep.'"

He then explained to his children what had happened, bidding them be thankful to Him from whom all good gifts come.

You may imagine what a happy family they were that evening.

"You need not part with the old chess-board now, father; need you?" said Jenny, as she kissed her father when she bade him good-night.

More than a month passed, and there were no tidings of their benefactor. The curate vainly tried to discover him. It was clear that he must live at some distance, as he was unknown in the surrounding neighborhood. One evening when the good man was at work in his garden, his wife, now almost convalescent, walking about with the younger children, a servant rode up to the gate, and asked if Parson Brownlow lived there.

"I'm Parson Brownlow," said the curate, coming forward to the gate.

The man handed him a letter, saying he was to wait for an answer.

Parson Brownlow seemed quite bewildered when he had read his letter. He rubbed his eyes and his glasses, and fell to reading again. "It must be a joke," he muttered. "Who—who is your master?" he asked the servant.

"The Duke of ——" said the man, with some surprise in his tone.

"Yes, yes, so I see," said the curate.

"It's wonderful, my dear," to his wife.

"Come in with me, and read this letter."

The letter was from the generous stranger. He offered the curate a valuable living in his gift, which had just become vacant.

"The parsonage is near my own house," he wrote, "so we shall often be able to renew our contest at chess."

I need hardly say that the curate accepted the offer of the living with a thankful heart.

He started the next day to see his patron, who lived about fifteen miles off, accompanied by the regrets of his wife that she had not time to knit a pair of stockings for his grace. And there's my story.

You see, Harry, what I want to show you is, that there are folks in the world who, when they are defeated (even at a game in which they are very skillful), can take defeat well, and appreciate the skill which has conquered them, instead of turning rusty."

"Oh, yes, I see the moral fast enough; but what a jolly fellow that duke must have been! and I should say they kept that chess-board in lavender ever after."

"It was, and is, greatly valued, as I well know. The curate was my dear father. Often I have heard him tell the story; and many a game I have played on the old chess-board. It is still in my eldest brother's possession."

T. R. M.

"A wag, upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some dwarfs and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol. "Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

"I echo your words: I love the game."

"Why should we not play, then? This is too good fortune. Jenny, my child, bring the board here."

As Jenny placed the old chess-board between them, she looked at her father with a meaning smile. He shook his head, and said she was a saucy monkey, and had better take the children away.

The first game, after good play on both sides, was "drawn"; and the stranger expressed some surprise that, after what his host had said, he played so well.

"You must know," he said, "that folks

delighted to find so skillful an antagonist."

Put upon his mettle by this praise, the curate put forth his utmost care and skill, and, after a hard struggle, won the next game. His guest was by no means disconcerted, but appeared to be as well pleased as if he had been the conqueror. The rain had long ceased, but the stranger did not seem inclined to go. A third game followed—skillfully contested, step by step, ending at last in the curate's favor.

The stranger was in the greatest delight. He said he did not know when he had enjoyed such play. The curate was equally pleased. Should they have another game?

The stranger looked at his watch. "Dear me!" he said, "I had no idea it was so late. I have some distance to ride. My dear sir, most unwillingly I must go; but I hope it is not the last time I shall be beaten by you. It is no disgrace to suffer defeat at such hands."

The curate received his praises with much modesty; and with many expressions of delight at the good fortune the storm had brought him, he helped his guest to put on his own clothes, which were now dry.

"I hope," said the stranger, as he stood in the little rusty porch, "that your wife will soon recover her health; and that when I have next the pleasure of seeing you, fortune will have favored you as much in other matters as she has done to-day at chess." He then mounted his horse and rode quickly away.

"What a nice gentleman! what is his name, father?" said one of the girls, as they stood in the porch, with their father, watching the retreating figure.

"There! I knew there was something I wanted to ask," said the curate; "I never asked his name; he is a perfect gentleman, that's clear; but I must go to your mother now; she will think I have quite forgotten her."

While he was in the midst of telling his wife all that had passed, Jenny came into the room.

"Look here, father; I found these under the old chess-board; and she held out to him several bank-notes.

"Bless me!" said the curate, "he must have lain them down when he was changing his coat. What is to be done? I hope he will come back for them."

As he spoke, one of the younger children ran into the room, holding up a scrap of paper.

"Papa, this fell from what Jenny found in the chess-board."

On the paper was written, in pencil:—

DEAR AND REVEREND SIR—I beg you will not hesitate to use these for your present necessity; by doing so you will greatly oblige one who esteems himself fortunate in having made your acquaintance.

The curate handed the paper and the notes to his wife, without speaking.

"It is the gift of Providence," she said; "you will do as he says!"

Her husband made no answer; he could not speak—he heart was full of thankfulness; but he sat down and covered his face with his hand.

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ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead,
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together,
And oft, as the shadows come
With tremulous voice he calleth me,
"It is night, are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago;"

And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the better land—

Home where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know!—yet my arms are empty
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother's heart within me,
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies;

The babes whose dimpled fingers
Did lose the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud above them,
I see their radiant brows,
My boys that I gave to freedom,
The red sword sealed their vows!

In a war for holy freedom,

Twin brothers, bold and brave,

They fell; and the flag they died for,

Thank God! floats over the grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
Alone, alone in the night.

They tell me his mind is failing,

But I smile at idle fears,

He is only back with the children

In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades in the west,

And the wee ones, tired of playing,

Go tripping lightly by,

My husband calls from his corner,

"Say, love, have the children come?"

And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear, they are all at home."

How Frank Thornton was Cured.

"Look here, Bob! I just put this to you; you're not a sentimental fellow,—you're hard as nails, I know that; but I ask you, What do you say to a woman who, when she hears the family doctor declare that her husband, the man she married for love three years ago,—no, it ain't years, it's but two and seven months,—when she hears that his heart is affected; that the valves—the valves, mark you—are attacked; that ossification is apprehended,—I suppose worse couldn't be;—the very evening she heard this, goes out to a ball, and says, 'Poor Frank couldn't come; he imagined he has a something—a something!—the matter with his heart; and the stupid doctor humors him, and I'd not wonder if he kept the sofa these six months?' I pledge you my sacred word of honor these were her very words. I had them taken down verbatim, and I made Leonard and Mrs. Crawford sign their names to the document, declaring that they heard them as she uttered them. Now, none of your hair-splitting or refining; but speak out in a frank, manly way, and say, what do you think of this?"

"I simply think that your wife did not agree with your doctor."

"Oh, indeed! that is, that she formed another impression of my case; that her experience of heart disease led her to a different conclusion from Duffy's,—the first man in his profession, by the way; and that doubtless she would have suggested another line of treatment."

"No, no; don't run away with the theory. I merely meant that she thought there was not much the matter with you, and that old Duffy was a bit of an alarmist."

"By Jove, I must say he did not alarm her! She had that confounded toy terrier in her lap while he was telling it to her, and the first words she said were, 'Do tell me, doctor, will it hurt Trickey to have his ears cut? My Cousin Staples says they must be pointed.' If there's a fool in the Household Brigade—and I suspect there are some—I'd back Howard Staples against the field. But to come to what I was saying, please to answer if you ever heard of a woman talk about her terrier's ears at the moment they were breaking to her the news that her husband was doomed; that any day, any hour!"

"Come, come, don't take on in this fashion. Be a man; keep up your pluck."

"It's not for myself I am moved,—not a bit of it; there's not a fellow breathing would afront death as readily—I've shown that over and over. It is the heartlessness of that woman stabs me. It is the cold indifference of her whose life ought to have been bound up with my own,—it is *that* unmans me. I declare to you, on my honor, I didn't believe it was in human nature to behave so. That is what we have come to, with our blessed civilization and luxury. A girl marries the man who can secure her a certain amount of splendor; and when the settlement is made, and the position safe, he has no more claim on her affections—no more a place in her heart than his great-grandfather. I tell you, Bob, if that woman heard of my death to-morrow, her first thought would be to send over to that milliner in the street yonder to inquire what was the most becoming mourning she could wear in a recent affliction."

"I take it you don't want suitee in Europe, nor expect that your widow is to burn herself in honor of you."

"No, sir; I ask no such sacrifice; but I certainly do ask that while here, above-ground, though sentenced to all the tortures of a heart-affection, I may meet with some

tenderness, some sympathy, some—some—never mind. She shan't unman me—that I'll promise you; but I'll promise you, also, I'll be shot if she shall keep her jointure if she marries Howard Stapleton. It's insulting enough the way that idiot treats my house. If there's a thing I detest, it is to hear the clank of a sabre on one's stairs, And then the cool way those fellows unbelt, as though your drawing-room was a mere ante-room. 'Well, old boy,' he said to me to-day, 'how are the valves?' 'Not exactly so safe, sir,' said I, 'that you may not apprehend an explosion.'

"That was very ready."

"I should think it was ready. The heart may be attacked, but it's all right up here; and he touched his forehead significantly as he spoke.

"All the more reason, Frank, not to take a gloomy view of life. There cannot be much animosity with a man who carries himself as you do. Why, it was only yesterday you sent the groom back with your horse, and walked the whole way from Waterloo to this."

"A great feat, truly! it's under twelve miles; and I'd rather have walked forty than ridden back with that idiot Staples. I told Georgy so; and as she didn't send him off, I just dismounted and left them there."

"And very wrong of you it was."

"Oh, of course. I know the theory; I know the whole case. A well-bred husband sees little, and resents less."

"In this case there was nothing either to see or to resent."

"Very nice of you to say so, considering you were full a quarter of a mile to the rear, and riding with your own wife,—whom by the way, you never quit for an instant."

"No; I like to keep her company."

"People remark it, though. I assure you, people make the most absurd comments upon it. I've heard you described as a sort of Othello for jealousy."

"With all my heart. So long as they don't come to tell me their opinions, I'll not quarrel with them for holding them."

"Well, I don't pretend to be as indifferent about public opinion, and it pains me severely when I am told things people say about Georgy's high spirits and gayety of temperament. I know well the world calls these another name behind backs."

"I wonder how you can go on worrying yourself in this fashion. It is little short of insanity."

"I'm quite prepared to hear that name for it some of these days. Only look here, old fellow; I'd rather, for old acquaintance' sake, that you would not be one of my accusers. Take my word for it, they'll get the thing up quite cleverly without you; and it's a sort of case an old friend never figures in very gracefully."

"He arose as he said this, put on his hat, gave me a familiar nod, and walked out, leaving me, not exactly angry, though I was a little irritated, but certainly not at all disposed to prolong the conversation.

A few words will suffice to tell my reader all I need say of him. Frank Thornton had served in the 8th Hussars in India, and distinguished himself several times in the campaign of the Mutiny. He was a splendid soldier, who gloried in his profession, and was greatly loved by his comrades; though all acknowledged that, while Thornton was a fellow to go through fire and water for a friend, he was so touchy, so nervously sensitive, so alive to things which never were meant to hurt him, that his life was one unceasing round of tortures and explanations. This disposition, strengthening with years, made him at last so irritable and quarrelsome, that popular and liked as he had once been—the pride of his own corps and the delight of the mess—men heard with pleasure the news that he had "sent in his papers," and was about to leave the service.

"You'll be glad to know I'm going to leave you," he said, one night after mess; "and I'm only sorry I didn't go when you might have regretted me. A fretful temper is like the 'prickly heat'—it doesn't make a man an agreeable neighbor; but, take my word for it, the poor devil who has the malady is worse off still."

"He's going to marry," said one of his comrades, as he left the room.

"To marry!"

"Yes, he's going to marry Georgy Gordon. Poor girl! she'll need all her high spirits to carry her through it."

"She's got what's better than high spirits," said an old Scotch major; "she's got the sweetest temper of any lassie from this to her father's house in Aberdeenshire."

"Has no one told her what a temper Thornton has?"

"She's a sort of cousin of mine," said another; "and I had a long talk with her about him to-day. Her notion is that men only make each other worse when they attempt to correct faults of disposition; that a woman only can do so with success, but that she must be wife or sister."

"That's possible enough in ordinary cases;

but where a man contrives to invert everything he looks at—where he never will believe that the world has not some covert design to deny him his due or sneer at his deserts—where it's an even chance every day that he shoots one of his best friends before night—all I can say is, that if I were Miss Gordon's brother—"

"She has none."

"Well, her father—"

"Dead, twelve years ago. She was brought up by her uncle, Sir Hercules."

"Well, I'm not particular as to the degree of the relationship. I only mean, if I had the claim to counsel her, I'd certainly say, rather never marry at all than marry Frank Thornton; though I'm quite ready to admit he's as true-hearted a gentleman and as gallant a soldier as ever served her Majesty."

It would appear that Miss Gordon was not to be terrified by the stories which reached her, or that she relied implicitly on her own power to avert the evils with which they menaced her; for she returned from India Thornton's wife, and accompanied him to visit his mother, who lived in a beautiful part of the Isle of Wight.

A few lines announcing his marriage and return to England were all I had from him for years, when one morning the post brought me the following:—

"MY DEAR BOB—I have just got an ugly blow. I had invested all the stray cash I possessed in indigo, and the ryoys have gone and smashed the dykes and played old gooseberry with the young crop. They say I shall lose twelve thousand pounds, which may turn out to be fifteen. At all events I must economize; and as I hear Brussels is cheap, and as I know you are there, I mean to try it. Look me up a small house—furnished of course—rent not above a couple of hundreds, and stabling for a pair of horses. Tell me all you can about the place, I don't mean socially, for we shall not go out anywhere, but about its markets, servants, and the other abominations of house-keep. By the way, old fellow, isn't this domesticity a devil of a mistake? Wouldn't you and I give something to get back again to the place from whence we came? I take it we'll have plenty of time to talk this over together. I hope our wives will 'hit it off' with each other. Yours always,

"FRANK N. THORNTON."

I was not able at a moment to secure the sort of a house he wanted, but pressed him to make ours his home till he could look about and suit himself. They came in due course, and certainly nothing could be more complete than the friendship which at once grew up between our wives. Some points of resemblance there certainly were between them, but in many things they were totally unlike. At all events they were both young and good-looking, and as happy and well pleased with life as is permitted to most of those who are supposed to have drawn fair prizes in this big lottery.

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"I wonder how you can go on worrying yourself in this fashion. It is little short of insanity."

"I suppose you saw it to-day," cried he to me one evening as he walked the room. "I take it that you could not help remarking the considerate manner in which my wife corrected me about Keuchmaccarracheen. Now I tell you distinctly and deliberately the durbar was not held there, and the place where they poisoned her uncle's elephants was Taminadar, on the other side of the Ganges. I only wish they had poisoned the old beggar himself, and he would never have lived to come to Calcutta, and I should never have—not matter what. But I tell you why she did it, Bob. You couldn't guess that, nor your wife either, though she is as keen as any woman I ever met. She did it just to bring up the name of a fellow whom she knows I hate as nothing else on earth. It's a woman's way to stab a man. She watches till she has you before the world; she waits till she catches you at dinner, or one of a party round the fire; and she'll beat about till she finds an incident or an event in which a fellow flattered, and she'll bring him in with a sort of half-consciousness, as though she knew the ground was dangerous—just the most offensive thing she could do, except the appealing look she'll give you across the table as if saying, 'Don't be angry with me.' Your wife saw that to-day. I'll swear she did. As for you, I don't expect you to remark anything, nor tell it if you did."

It was no use to protest ignorance of all he assumed. He only grew more irascible and violent at each assertion. Nothing short of my fixed resolve not to take offence at anything he should say in his passion saved me from feeling deeply wounded by some of the expressions which escaped him.

"There now," cried he at last, "it only remains that you should turn me out into the street, and my blessed temper will have lost me the last man of all who once befriended me."

He rushed out of the room after this, and I saw him no more till next morning. I will not pretend that my life at this time was a very agreeable one; for while Thornton never ceased to make me the depositary of his grievances, my wife, with equal insistence, persecuted me by stories of his peevish, nagging disposition, invariably concluding with the assurance that no patience could hold out much longer, and that in the end Georgy must sink under it. Not that Mrs. Thornton looked at all like sinking. She was a blooming, bright-eyed young woman, on whose features, with the closest scrutiny, I never could detect the trace of sorrow, except a slight shadow about the eyelids, and a very faint "drag" at times—only at times—on the angle of the mouth. She had a variety of accomplishments—sang, rode, drove well, was always ready for any plan for pleasure, and the life of it when it came off. It was plain enough that her high spirit occasionally chafed against her husband's humor; and I was often struck with the tact she exhibited in subduing her buoyancy and sobering down her gayety to the tone of his temper.

My wife hinted that she had seen her in other moods, and often came away from her looking herself so sad and depressed that I shrank from inquiring the cause. It is scarcely necessary that I should say Thornton was not a favorite with my wife; she was ready enough to admit that his manners were easy and polished, his tone invariably well bred, and his conversation charming; but against these gifts there was the terrible set-off of his captious nature, his unceasing suspiciousness, and that morbid tendency to inquire whether every, the slightest incident, had some covert meaning, which it was his duty to resent or repel.

"I don't think I shall pitch my tent here," he said to me, one morning, as we sat over our cigar; "the place does not suit me. It's not English and it's not foreign. You have continual influx of our own people who trouble society without contributing to its pleasures; and I shall either go back at once to town, or seek out some out-of-the-way old place in Germany and barbarize."

"Will your wife like that?" asked I, carelessly.

"She has none."

"Well, her father—"

"Dead, twelve years ago. She was brought up by her uncle, Sir Hercules."

"Well, I'm not particular as to the degree of the relationship. I only mean, if I had the claim to counsel her, I'd certainly say, rather never marry at all than marry Frank Thornton; though I'm quite ready to admit he's as true-hearted a gentleman and as gallant a soldier as ever served her Majesty."

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note from self-accusation for all that has happened."

"These were her words to me at parting. I came away hurriedly, for I was afraid to excite her further."

"Well, he's gone now!"

"Gone!"

"Yes; he wrote me one line to say goodbye. It ran thus: 'They'll find a hat on the river's bank, near the falls, easily identified as mine. I am at Wayre. Address—Jean Maurice, Cadran Jaune.' He's to be drowned, it seems—not shot."

"Humph!" said my wife, with a toss of her head, not at all complimentary to the hero of the adventure. "And have you hit upon anything to be done?"

"Not as yet; I must turn over the whole matter quietly in my mind. It is a case where the least mistake might be ruin. He is a man who would resent any publicity as an offence never to be forgiven, and this makes the affair all the more difficult to deal with. Leave me now to think over it, and perhaps I may chance on some expedient to get us well through the scrape."

It was late in the afternoon of the following day when I next saw my wife, and was obliged to confess that I was just in the same condition of doubt and indecision in which she had left me. "Georgina's in the garden," said she; "come out and speak to her."

It was not exactly an easy thing to do, but I went. She was very pale, and her eyelids swollen, but she met me with a faint smile, and said, "I know you have not been to bed, and have been thinking of me all night; but I believe we must just suffer events to roll on, and if a happy moment to intervene should occur, seize it. Isn't that your own thought?"

I nodded twice, and we walked along without a word on either side.

I remember very little of all that passed between us that day; the impression I carried away, however, was, that she was one of the best-natured, best-tempered women I had ever met, and this thought certainly did not in any way tend to the elevation of Frank in my esteem.

My reflections, as I sauntered about that evening, were not very agreeable ones. I pictured to myself all the versions of the story, each containing some minute particle of truth that would get abroad, and I fancied how many little heightening incidents would be added by an eager and truth-loving public. I next bethought me of the comments that would be pronounced—those acute and wise remarks half informed people deliver like solemn judgments. What was Mr. Considine about all this time? Can any one explain this gentleman's inactivity, his actual apathy? Then I fancied the impertinences of the press holding me up to rebuke or ridicule. Mr. Considine, who knew everything and did nothing, does not appear to us the least reprehensible actor in the unhappy drama. It is sure to be a drama, occasionally to be called tragedy. There would be indignant inquiries. Why is not Mr. Considine examined? What steps have the authorities taken to ascertain the part played by this gentleman in this disastrous history? One is never very sure of what foreigners will not dramatize, and I had no fancy for figuring on the boards as the villain of the piece; perhaps—by no means unlikely—anounced in the bill, "secretly in love with Frank's wife." I will not recall the horrors that tormented me; but I calmly declare that I think my sufferings on that occasion were scarcely inferior to Frank's own, though I don't suspect he would have agreed with me in this conviction.

I hastened off to a friend closely connected with the press, and engaged him on no account to let the newspapers occupy themselves with this story if it ever reached them. My friend consoling assured me I might set my mind at ease on that score, as the sharp-shooting "verein" from Dusseldorf had just come down to contest for a prize, and drink beer with the brothers of St. Joseph to Noosie; and that an earthquake that should swallow up half Europe would not obtain a paragraph at a moment so interesting and eventful. Although, then, the man who brought me the first tidings of the missing Englishman at Tervuren went the round of the papers with the news, not one of them would condescend to "set up" the information.

The piece had now begun—the curtain had risen; and I at once determined, that, if possible, it should be a comedy—melodramatic, if you like—but still a comedy. If I could not give it this turn, the poor young woman would sink under it. I must make it drivel, or it would be the death of her, and so I announced my news at the breakfast-table, saying, "First tableau! A stranger missed—had found near the river-maker's name Whitty, Bond Street," and then, before they had time for a word, I opened a note written in pencil, "Wayre. Go here at twelve; shaved off beard and whiskers, not to be recognized by any one, engaged as second oster; send news of her at once."

I led the way by a hearty laugh; my wife chimed in; and Georgina, though her eyes were very glassy, could not help joining; and thus, by one *coup de fée*, my victory was won.

"Here's the cipher," said I, taking out my note-book; "what am I to report you? Supremely wretched, or will you be stunned and insensible?"

"Put down 'three' four times," said my wife.

"That's one too many," said I; "three three means a triple X, of affliction."

"I'd rather say, 'Bearing it wonderfully,'" murmured Georgina; and her lip trembled with a struggle between a smile and a sob.

"I'll say, 'Behaving like an angel,'" said I; "and I'll write it in a bold hand, and no cipher at all;" and accordingly the bulletin was sent off by post. "Behaving like an angel—11 o'clock, A. M." A special messenger arrived from Wayre the same evening, with the following: "What do you mean? No enigmas. Report at once and intelligibly how does she bear it."

It was almost with a cry of triumph I read this aloud in the drawing room. "I see every card in his hand," I exclaimed; "the game is won already."

"You are right," said my wife, "he is in torture till he hears that she's inconsolable. The man can't endure the thought that you are able to survive him, dearest! There's the whole secret out! Yes, darling; it is one of those beautiful instances of the way husbands love their wives. They invariably expect that devotion is to be the return for the most outrageous bad treatment."

It was such a very rare thing for my wife to give way to a burst of eloquence after this fashion, that I stared at her in speechless amazement.

"Look astonished if you like, Berto," said she to me, while her cheek was hot and

her eyes flashing; "but it is not a thing to be calm upon. I know that if I—"

"Well, dear," said I, "continue."

"Don't ask me, or rather don't give me the provocation," said she, warmly, "that's all."

This was a curious and somewhat unexpected turn for the discussion to take, but, on the whole, not altogether unfortunate. It created a sort of diversion which relieved Georgina from the uncomfortable prominence of being the person under consideration; and this enabled her, after a brief pause, to ask, with an air of calm, "Will you tell me why you believe that we have won this game?" She smiled as she repeated to me my own words.

"I'll tell you," I replied, and I spoke slowly and collectedly. "Whenever your husband submitted you to any test, you always came through the ordeal precisely as he desired you should. He wished he could make you jealous, and you satisfied him that he could. He wished that you might bear up courageously under a change of fortune, and confront even poverty without repining. This test also you stood victoriously. Last of all he would ascertain what effect his loss would produce upon you; and you have only to content him on this point to minister to that inordinate self-love which is never weary of feeding itself by your sacrifice, and the man will go on with this game for ever. Just read his message, and you cannot help seeing that I am right. 'No enigma. How does she bear it?' means, Tell me she is overwhelmed with affliction—she will listen to no words of comfort or consolation—that the cup of her misery is full to overflowing—that life must henceforth be a blank to her. In one word, he wants to hear that you sorrow without hope, and never care longer for life. This is what he asks for, and this is exactly what I'll not send him."

"I declare I believe Berto is right," said my wife.

"I know I am. Frank would have given up these persecutions years ago, but his success dazzled him. With every fresh experiment he came out a gainer. He had only to fancy that you would be more lovable by this or that quality, and straightforward you proved to him that you were what he so wished you to be. Now, without being in the least his apologist, I declare frankly I'm not a bit surprised at his being led away by such a bait to his vanity. Take my word for it, I have hit the blot. This is the true explanation of all he has done—of all he is doing."

"Am I then to appear as if I was indifferent, as if I was unconcerned?"

"No, not that. That would be as great an error on the other side. Utter heartlessness would revolt him as soon as he could be brought to believe it. We must go very cautiously to work here; and, to begin, we shall puzzle him a little; his impatience will soon show what our next move ought to be. My present message will not be a great deal clearer than my last. I will say, 'Health not worse—fortitude incredible.'

"It's clear enough what you mean," said my wife; "you intend he shall taste a little of those same anxieties he was so fond of inflicting on Georgina."

Precisely word for word what I meant. He shall have a few days of that torturing uncertainty he has given her years of, and if he disapproves of the regimen, the chance is he will not return to it.

I will not dwell on the days that followed this. I will simply state that I continued a system of partly vague, partly significant messages, to keep Thornton in a state of suspense, anxiety, and anger only short of mania. His interest in the game—for game it was—became intense; and when, to his wildest entreaties for a "Yes" or "No" answered to some urgent question, I returned an equivocal or totally unintelligible reply, I could see that there was great hope of his being cured at last of his fatal infatuation.

If I cannot, however, dwell on this, as little do I like to recall the scene I had to encounter at home; for though at first my wife and Georgina consented to aid me in my project, and appeared assured of its success, they soon began to feel misgivings about "our right" to do this, that, or the other. They questioned the propriety of one thing, and retreated from any partnership in another. In fact, they behaved like people who were already preparing their defence against some future accusation, and comporting themselves like persons already arraigned. This sort of opposition did not conduce to my comfort, and probably did not contribute to my prudence, and I am afraid yes, I am obliged to own—I lost all patience, and told my wife, "If Georgina continues to thwart me, I give you warning I will pitch up the whole affair—let Thornton be may come back, or go to Jersey if he likes better—and leave the imbroglio to unravel itself if how it may."

What in the name of all patience, cried my wife, "do you want the poor woman to do?" She does her utmost to look cheerful and contented, but if I go to her room I always find her in tears. She went with you at first when you said that her husband might be cured of his unhappy misgivings if they only once experienced the sort of misery they produced; but now she owns she sees him neared to this goal than ever; and I agree with her perfectly."

"And whose fault is it if it be so? Did she not refuse me t'other day permission to tell him as I suggested, that she was actually shocked with herself for being so happy?"

"Yes, and quite right too. The poor thing cries her eyes out, and why should she say an untruth?"

"But don't you see it is a fence of the game?"

"Oh, I'm sick of the game! If a man cannot behave well to his wife without being cheated into it, the sooner she gets rid of him the better."

I believe the discussion grew animated, and even warm; but after many little salutes into each other's lines, we came back to where we started, by my wife abruptly asking—

"Is this, then, to go on for years? He was, if I understood you aright, to be so stung in self-love, so wounded in pride, by finding that his wife could live without him, that he would hasten back to assure her of his undying affection. Wasn't that the theory?"

"Yes," said I, haughtily, "that was the theory."

"And has it proved a success?"

"It would have had a triumphant success if she had followed my advice."

"Oh, are we back there again?" cried she, with a weary sigh.

Controlling my temper as well as I could, I made a few turns in the room, when, suddenly a thought shot across my mind, and I said—

"You were advising the other morning

that we should take Georgy out for a drive. It is above a month since she was in the air. Let us go and dine in the wood at Boisfort. There is no fear of meeting any one at this time of the year. Let us make a day of it, and try if we cannot rally her spirits and amuse her."

"Is this to be another move of the game?" asked she, smiling.

"Well, as you ask me so frankly, I will own it is."

"There's Georgy now in the garden—let us go and talk it over with her; and so saying we opened the glass door and went out.

We had not gone many steps when we saw Georgina running towards us, her face radiant with joy.

"Oh, what do you think?" cried she, in a voice ringing with delight; "I have seen him—he was there."

"Where?"

"In the stable-yard. Your people were taking in hay, and there he was amongst the country people, dressed like a peasant, beard and mustaches shaved off, and so changed that no eyes but my own could have recognized him. He crossed over the little pathway and stood looking up at my window till apparently some one remarked it, when he removed away and disappeared. But I knew him. Poor fellow, how worn and ill he looked! not but it has done my heart good even to catch a glimpse of him, and to know that he was longing to see me."

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"I like it," said she, hastily, but not raising her head as she spoke.

"I like it too," said my wife; "but I own M. Dubois and his good cookery go a considerable way in biasing my judgment; and I half suspect if we were able to have such a chef at home, I'd rather dine there than here."

"I protest loudly," cried I, "against any warped opinion. I stand up for rural delights, and will do battle for my rosebuds, and nightingales, and almond-blossoms against all comers." I watched Frank while I was speaking, and by a concerted sign encouraged him to draw nearer, and bus himself at a side table. I then filled Georgina's glass with champagne, and whispered a few words to her.

"Yes," said she, timidly, but still aloud—"yes he liked it; but, as in everything else, he was so capricious that one never could say when he would declare it was odious."

My wife actually started with astonishment at these words. Never before had she heard from Georgina anything but unqualified praise of her husband.

"How tiresome these capricious people are!" said I. "They impart to existence all the miseries of theague; to think when you are not burning you are shivering."

"Worse than that," chimed in Georgina, "they make one distrust his own nature. The very fact that you see what you intended accepted as something exactly the opposite, leads you to suppose there must be some terrible want of right perception in yourself, and you begin to distrust not only everything but everybody."

"If one were to analyze all his food before he began to eat it, nutrition would go on somewhat slowly," said I.

"And wouldn't the food be very appetizing besides?" said Georgina, laughing. "I declare to you I was quite worn out with eternal trials; for I wasn't merely questioned, like the man in the book, what I should do if I saw a white bear, but I was threatened with a whole region of bears."

Frank was now standing behind her chair, almost bending over her, his face glowing with rage, and his eyes starting out of his sockets.

"I don't think I ever heard you speak in this way before," said my wife, whose voice had a twang of rebuke in it very palpable and remarkable.

"Perhaps not. Perhaps these surroundings," said she, with a laugh, "have led me on to expandiveness; perhaps I couldn't repress it any longer."

"What was the feather that broke the camel's back?" said my wife.

"My dear friend, it was a wool-pack!"

Frank started back, almost staggering, and then, recovering himself, he walked slowly round the table till he came directly in front of her.

Georgina glanced at him hastily, and said—

"These people, I take it, don't understand English?"

"Of course not," I replied; "but why do you ask?"

"There's a creature yonder who has a wonderful look of Frank, if it were possible that cutting off his beard could make him so hideous."

"Good heavens, woman!" shouted he, in a voice wild with passion, "are you so utterly heartless, so shamelessly lost to all feeling, as this?"

Before this short burst was over, Georgina had fallen fainting to the ground. Her effort had been more than she had strength for, and it was long before we could bring her back to life and consciousness. When at length her eye rallied, and the film passed before her eyes, the first object she saw was her husband kneeling at her feet, and covering her hand with kisses.

We had told everything, and his delight was boundless.

Frank was cured; but I declare, I'll not treat such another case as long as I live.

did all that prudence could suggest; and when I had filled her glass with choice madeira, I muttered to myself, "The Fates must take charge of the rest."

I could notice that her agitation was very great, but that she fought nobly against it, and especially that my wife should not observe her emotion. Our talk at first was chiefly of the dinner; and fortunately there was nothing to say on this head but praise.

As I deemed it likely that I might detect Frank and his disguise before his wife might be aware of his presence, I had pre-arranged with Georgina that I would signal the fact of his being come by ordering the waiter to give me champagne, which, if I took in glass intended for bordeaux, was to mean that I saw him. I was relating some comical anecdote when I gave this order, and then went on with my story. I watched her, however, steal a glance towards my glass, and saw a slight tremor pass over her as the man filled it.

"She has a brother eighteen months younger than herself who has learned her language, so that they talk freely together. He, however, seems to have adopted it only because he has more intercourse with her than with others; and in some instances he will use a proper word with his mother and the sister's word with her. She, however, persists in using only her own words, though her parents, who are uncouth about her peculiarity of speech, make great efforts to induce her to use proper words.

"As to the possibility of her having learned these words from others, it is proper to state that her parents are persons of cultivation, who only use the English language. Her mother has learned French, but never uses the language in conversation. The domestics, as well as the nurses, speak English without any peculiarities, and the child has heard even less than usual of what is called baby talk.

"Some of the words and phrases have a resemblance to the French, but it is certain that no person using that language has frequented the house, and it is doubtful whether the child has on any occasion heard it.

"There seems to be no difficulty about the vocal organs. She uses her language readily and freely, and when she is with her brother they converse with great rapidity and fluency.

"The following is the vocabulary which I have been able to different times to compile from the child herself, and especially from the report of the mother. In the spelling I have endeavored as much as possible to reproduce the sound of the words.

"*Gummigars.* All the substantials of the table, such as bread, meat, vegetables, etc., and the same word is used to designate the cook. The boy does not use this word, but uses *Gna-migna* in the same sense, which the girl considers a mistake.

"*Migno-migno.* Water, wash, bath.</

WIT AND HUMOR.

Frightened at a Gong.

We have heard of a funny story told of a young fellow residing in one of the tobacco-growing counties of Virginia, who recently made his first visit to Richmond, the capital of the "Old Dominion," for the purpose of selling his crop, seeing the sights, and rubbing off some of the rust which his backwoods "fetching up" had thrown upon his manners.

He reached Richmond about the middle of the forenoon, and was fortunate in selling his crop at an advantageous rate and almost immediately. Meeting with an old school-fellow—one who had lived in the city long enough to know its ways—he was advised to take up his lodgings at Boyden's, the crack house of the place; and thither he at once went with his bag and baggage. Just before dinner his city friend called upon him, and found him comfortably located in a room just at the head of the stairs. It was close upon dinner time.

"Suppose we take something to start an appetite?" said the chap who had just come down.

"Agreed," rejoined the city friend; "a glass of wine and bitters for me."

"Let's go down to the bar and get it—dinner's most ready," continued the tobacco grower.

"We might as well have it up here," was the rejoinder.

"Good luck; but how are we to call for it?"

"Ring that bell there."

"What bell?"

"Pull that rope hanging there."

The young man laid hold of the rope and gave it a jerk, and just at that moment the gong sounded for dinner. Never had he heard such a sound before, and the rumbling crash came upon his ear with a report that stunned him. He staggered back from the rope, raised both hands in horror, and exclaimed—

"Great Jerusalem, what a smash! I've broke every piece of crockery in the house! There ain't a whole dish left! You must stick by me, old fellow," addressing his friend; "don't leave me in this scrape, for my whole crop won't half pay the breakage. What did you tell me to touch that cursed rope for?"

But before his friend, who was all but bursting with laughter, could answer, a servant entered the room with—

"Did you ring the bell, sir?"

"Bell? no. Blame your bell; I never touched your bell in my life. What bell? I never saw your bell!"

"Somebody rang the bell of this room, that's certain," continued the servant.

"No, they didn't. There's nobody here that ever saw a bell;" and then turning to his friend, exclaimed, aside, "Let's lie him out of it. I shan't have a cent to go home if I pay the entire damage. What do they get such rascally traps as that for, to take folks in from the country?"

After a violent fit of laughter, the friend was enabled to explain that it was only the gong sounding for dinner—a simple summons to "walk down to soup" got up on the Chinese plan. They made their way to the dining room, but it was some time before the young tobacco-grower could get over the stunning and awful effects of that dreadful gong. "It was a Godsend," he said, "that the crash did not turn my hair gray on the spot."

A Dilemma.

A young parson of the Universalist faith, many years since, when the Simon pure Universalism was preached, started Westward to attend a convention of his brethren in the faith. He took the precaution to carry a vial of cayenne in his pocket, to sprinkle his food with, as a preventive to fever and ague. The convention met; and at dinner a tall Hoosier observed the parson as he seasoned his meat, and addressed him thus:

"Stranger, I'll thank you for a little of that 'ere red salt, for I'm kind o' curious to try it."

"Certainly," returned the parson; "but you will find it very powerful; be careful how you use it."

The Hoosier took the proffered vial, and feeling himself proof against any quantity of raw whiskey, thought that he could stand the "red salt" with impunity, and accordingly sprinkled a juck of beef rather beautifullly with it, and forthwith introduced it into his capacious mouth. It soon began to take hold. He shut his eyes, and his features began to writh, denoting a very inharmonious condition physically. Finally he could stand it no longer. He opened his mouth and screamed "fire!"

"Take a drink of cold water from the jug," said the parson.

"Will that put it out?" asked the martyr, suiting the action to the word. In a short time the unfortunate man began to recover, and turning to the parson, his eyes yet swimming in water, exclaimed

"Stranger, you call yourself a 'Varsellist, I believe?"

"I do," mildly answered the parson.

"Wal, I want to know if you think it consistent with your belief to go about with hell-fire in your breeches pockets?"—*Banter of Light.*

The Model Husband.

He walks out with his wife on a weekday, and is not afraid of a milliner's shop. He even has "change" when asked for it, and never allows it to afterward. He is not above carrying a large bundle or a cotton umbrella, or even holding the baby in his lap in an omnibus. He runs on first to knock at the door when it is raining. He goes outside if the carriage is full. He goes to bed first in cold weather. He gets up in the night to rock the cradle or answer the door-bell. He believes in hysterics, and is melted instantly by a tear. He patches up a quarrel with a velvet gown, and drives away the sulks with a trip to Central Park. He never flies out about his buttons, or brings home friends to supper. His clothes never smell of tobacco. He respects the curtains, and never smokes in the house. He never invades the kitchen, and would no more think of "blowing up" the servants than of ordering the dinner. He is innocent of a latch-key. He lets the family go out of town once every year, while he remains at home with one knife and fork, sits on brown Holland chair, sleeps on a curtainless bed, and has a char-woman to wait on him. He is very easy and affectionate, keeping the wedding anniversary punctually.

[Footnote] The lower order of Chinese in California it is said to fatten rats for the table.



DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.

CITY FRIEND.—"Beautiful, promising weather, Mr. Cloverdale!"

FARMER.—"Ya-a-s. But we shan't hev' any nice mouldy hay for the cows this year!"

How to See Niagara.

To see Niagara, you buy eleven silk dresses for your wife, and six shirts for yourself. You then get all the ready money you have, borrow all your friends have, and make arrangements for unlimited credit at two or three good solvent banks. You then take six trunks, some more money, a nurse, a colored servant, some more money, and then, after getting some more money, and extending your credit at one or two more strong banks, you set out.

It is better, just before you leave, to mortgage your homestead and get some more money. After getting there, your cheapest plan will be to purchase a hotel, and a carriage and team. You can stay there a week, and then give away the hotel and carriage, and still make money by the operation.

If not disposed to economy, you can pursue the ordinary lavish American way of taking rooms at a caravanary, and paying for everything at the regular rates.

The first step in seeing Niagara is to dress your wife in one of her most expensive suits. You're ditto. Your wife then goes into the parlors on exhibition. You light a cigar, go out on the verandah, and put your heels high up on a column. While your wife finds out whether anybody has any more expensive clothes than she, you occupy yourself in trying to stare some woman out of countenance.

As a general thing, your effort in this will be a failure.

Sometimes, after people have examined each other for a week or so, in the parlors and at the dinner-table, they take a fancy to go out and look at some water, which at this place runs over a hill. This is not always done. Nevertheless, when there is a hull in other affairs, some of the more energetic visitors go out and visit the river.

The water falls over the precipice at a point some sixty feet from the rear of the hotel. To visit this remarkable phenomenon, you negotiate for a barouche, a pair of horses, and a driver.

To get over this sixty feet, you get in the carriage, and are driven slowly down the river for three miles. This is what happened to me.

When I had been driven toward the falls for three miles, the driver said we were at the whirlpool. Paid him a dollar for the information, and then went down to see the whirlpool.

You have an excellent view of the whirlpool from the top of the bank. But there are stains which go down to the water, where the view is not half so good, owing to the lowness of the situation. You can go down in half an hour if you hurry. When you get down to the bottom, you can see nothing, and therefore prepare to ascend.

It is broiling hot, and an ascent of five hundred steps stares you in the face.

When one reaches the top he has just enough life in him to be able to read a sign which has been hung up while he was away: "One dollar each, to be appropriated for the benefit of orphans."

My representation to the young man that I was an orphan, had no effect. It was some other orphan that he labored for. He was an orphan of about fifty years. I felt sorry for his motherless condition.

There is another desolate orphan there, who is armless, and who is benefit of his parents at the tender age of sixty-five. For being an orphan, and for not having any arms, he collects a dollar from each visitor.

Paying the driver another dollar for having waited for me, I continued the journey to the Falls. The next move in getting to the Falls consists in driving over into Canada. For the privilege of going over into Canada, one pays a man a dollar.

The Canadian journey to the Falls is romantic and full of incident. You begin by paying something to a woman who charges for passing her house.

The next view of the Falls is a blind man with a camera; you pay him something. There is a legless man with a prism; you pay him something.

Another fine view of the Falls occurs here.

Another fine view of the Falls occurs here, to another blind man, to an Indian, to somebody who exhibits a stuffed wildcat, to a woman with fawns, to a man with rocks, and some sixty or seventy others. The regular minimum charge of each one of these is one dollar.

After having paid these respective drafts the carriage goes back to the hotel, and drives over on Goat Island. There is a charge of one dollar for going on Goat Island.

The drive is a fine one. Being completely shut in with trees, it is shady and cool. In the distance one catches glimpses of water.

Returning to the hotel, after a drive of five hours, I dismissed the carriage, and

then walked out on the back porch, and, for the first time, got a view of the Falls.

The next day I went under the Falls. For going under the Falls you pay somebody two dollars.

Going under the Falls can be arranged at home by people who are not millionaires, and who cannot afford to visit Niagara. To arrange it at home, a person should array himself in a charming suit of oil-cloth. This done, let him have a servant screw a hose on a fire-plug, and then play the stream full in his face. Let this be continued for full ten minutes; after which he should, to keep up the imitation of Niagara, pay the servant five dollars, and then commence doctoring himself for the catarrh, a tremendous cold, and a severe attack of rheumatism.

From what I saw of the Falls, I should say that they are fine, and rather wet.

People who cannot afford to visit Niagara can get up substitutes at home, which will differ in no essential particular from Niagara itself.

The best substitute that occurs to me, is for a man to put all his capital in a bank, and then get a run on him. As he sees the last dollar of his fortune being paid out, he will feel as one does who is at Niagara.

Another excellent substitute, and a cheap one, is for a man to put all his money in his pocket, and then allow himself to be garroted. As he feels an arm compressing his neck, and a hand "going through" his pockets, he will feel pretty much as one does at Niagara.

The Teeth.

Rousseau said that no woman with fine teeth could be ugly. Any female mouth almost, with a good set of ivories, is kissable. The too early loss of the first teeth has an unfavorable influence upon the beauty and duration of the second. The youngest children should accordingly be made to take care of them. All that is necessary is to brush them several times a day with a little ordinary soap or magnesia and water. Grown people should clean their teeth at least five times in the course of the twenty-four hours; on rising in the morning and going to bed at night, and after each meal. A brush as hard as can be borne without pain should be used, and the best of all applications is pure soap and water, always lukewarm.

After eating, the particles of food should be carefully removed from the teeth by means of a tooth-pick of quill or wood, but never of metal, and by a thread passed now and again between the teeth. Tooth powders of all kinds are injurious, both to the enamel and the gums, and, if employed, every particle of them should be removed from the mouth by careful rinsing. The habit which some women have of using a bit of lemon, though it may whiten the teeth and give temporary firmness and color to the gums, is fatal to the enamel, as are all acids. No one, young or old, should turn their jaws into nut-crackers; and it is dangerous even for women to bite off, as they often do, the ends of the thread in sewing. It is not safe to bring very hot food or drink, especially if immediately followed by anything cold, in contact with the teeth.

Whole some gums are more essential even than the teeth to the beauty of the mouth. They should be of a firm texture and a lively red color, and well spread over the base of each tooth, but they are often pale or livid, shrunken, fleshless, and sometimes even ulcerated. The excessive use of sugar and candies does great mischief. It is not only the bad effects of the acids produced by their decomposition, but the grittiness of these substances which wears away the gum, bares the roots of the teeth, and spoils the mouth. This is the chief danger of the use of tooth powders. Livid gums will be benefitted by occasional, but not too frequent, hard rubbing and pricking with a tooth-pick until they bleed slightly.

A Graphic Description.

A correspondent of the Chicago Times relates a conversation between a clerical gentleman and a dissolver of tobacco in a railway car: "My friend, you use tobacco, I see." "Yes; have some?" [Squirt.] "No, sir. How long have you chewed? Let me see! [A reflective squirt.] About twenty years." "Have you ever tried to stop?" "Yes. Three or four times." "Can't you do it?" "Yes, I could stop well enough [squirt] if it wasn't for other folks." "How is that?" Well, you see, stranger, [squirt] whenever I try to stop, my hired men become so cussed [squirt]; and my wife acts so like the furies [squirt]; and the preacher preaches so like a fool—" Here occurred a prolonged, indignant ejection of highly-colored saliva, during which a roar of laughter from the nearest passengers indicated that they saw the point, and the balance of obstructions, if any, remain unknown.

[Footnote] The lower order of Chinese in California it is said to fatten rats for the table.

The Hunting Ox.

The novel expedient in hunting here described has been for several years practised by California sportsmen in their raids upon the feeding grounds of the wild geese. By this method the hunter is enabled to get so near the dense masses as often to kill forty or fifty birds at a single discharge of a double-barreled shot-gun:

After the above exciting interlude, I sat quiet awhile, endeavouring to get cool. The deer, I noted, were all upon their feet, as if alarmed by the smell of my tobacco. A new animal also made his appearance on the savannah since my last observation—a fine gray ox, which was grazing on the further side. With that unreasoning instinct which one soon learns in the forest, my eyes fixed themselves upon this animal, although no sign appeared to excite rational suspicion. He appeared to be walking, or lounging, in a circle. Slowly and carelessly he moved on, grazing here and dozing there, but always circling round. Ha! well might they seem odd, those four legs! A man was walking beside the ox, with one hand on the near horn and a gun in the other.

The docile animal circled nearer and nearer the herd, which regarded him suspiciously, but made no movement. I felt sure that he was as much interested in the event as the best-bred retriever in English turnip-fields. The bucks tossed their heads impatiently, and stamped their little hoofs, but the does had apparently no suspicions, and mostly lay down again. By an accident, the hunter chose his range at a point just opposite to me. I saw the long barrel—painted with black gum, that it might not sparkle—pushed over the ox's back. A jet of fire, pale in the brilliant sunshine, shot forth, and the noblest deer of the herd leapt high into the air. Down the savannah they came, rolling one another over in the panic. With head thrown back, and the fore-legs gathered beneath him, a fine buck led the way; at fifty yards from me he had disappeared under the trees—but led by another monarch. The bravest of their bucks lay prone upon the grass! I turned, while re-loading, to look for my brother sportsman. Behold! his wondrous ox had developed a new accomplishment! See it now, careering over the savannah like a Derby crack, bearing its master in safety to the hills, with the deer also upon its back!

[Footnote] *Hinkley's Station, O.*

Enigma.

I am composed of 5 letters.

My 1, 4, 5, 3, is a verb.

My 1, 4, 2, is a vehicle.

My 1, 2, 4, 5, is connected with gluttony.

My 2, 3, 4, 5, is a bundle.

My 2, 4, 5, is an animal.

My 2, 4, 1, 3, requires swiftness.

My 3, 4, 2, is an organ.

My 4, 2, 2, 1, is a drink.

My 4, 2, 3, is a verb.

My 4, 2, 5, is a member.

My 4, 1, 2, 3, is a measure.

My 5, 4, 2, is a domestic animal.

My 5, 4, 1, 3, is a spice.

My whole is an article very welcome on the breakfast-table, but seldom found pure in the city.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Hiddle.

My 1st is in teal, but not in duck;

My 2nd is in hem, but not in tuck;

My 3rd is in planet, but not in star;